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IRELAND AND THE CABINET.

THE papers which report from time to time the alleged results of the deliberations of the Cabinet can scarcely be furnished with official information. Their statements are often probable, and they may be true; but Ministers are not in the habit of publishing their decisions, except on rare occasions by common consent. It may also be observed that no similar communications appear to have been made to the steadiest supporters of the Government. For the present, it will be prudent to judge the Ministers only by their public acts. It is certain that they have not altered the day on which Parliament is summoned to meet, and it appears that the War Office and the Horse Guards are actively employed in providing reinforcements for Ireland. The general impression that a Coercion Bill is at once to be introduced on the meeting of Parliament may be accepted as correct. It seems impossible that any Government can miss the opportunity of checking Irish anarchy, or, in the last resort, of throwing upon Parliament the responsibility of refusing the means of restoring peace and order. According to one probable rumour, the project of land legislation is in the first instance to be embodied in resolutions. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus and the other necessary measures of coercion can only take the form of a Bill. It would appear that Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, after another six weeks of dominant crime, for which they are largely responsible, must have consented to the mode of action which was indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE in his Guildhall speech. If he was not misunderstood, and if he still retains the same opinion, his colleagues probably now agree with him that life and property ought to be protected, even by exceptional methods, when the necessity of intervention is clearly demonstrated. Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps have been satisfied with evidence which was as conclusive in November as it is at Christmas, if he had not thought the presence in the Cabinet of the two Birmingham members more indispensable to the public interest than any restriction of the operations of the Land League; but, according to some rumours, Mr. GLADSTONE himself has been the last to be convinced. The levity with which secondary members of the Government, such as Mr. MUNDELLA, speak of the Irish difficulty and of the policy by which it is to be encountered, may probably be explained by their necessary ignorance of the intentions of the Cabinet. It is their business to support and applaud any measure which may be officially proposed; and they are careful not to commit themselves to the expression of opinions which they might soon be compelled to retract. Coercion or no coercion, Mr. MUNDELLA will, as becomes him, defend the decision of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. ARTHUR PEEL, with less caution, lately gave expression to the opinion which ordinary non-official persons hold with increasing confidence and with corresponding feelings of indignation.

The extreme democratic section of the Liberal party, ably represented by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, still cling desperately to their original protest against any Coercion Bill. Mr. PARNELL has rendered impossible the continuance of the direct support which was not long since afforded to his agitation; but the revolutionary party in England still deprecates the passing of any law which could seriously hamper the movements of its former ally. Mr. BRIGHT's doctrine that lawful force is no remedy for lawless force may perhaps

be peculiar to himself; but there are fanatics who imagine that to check by legislation new forms of crime is unconstitutional. The authority of the supreme power to correct the proved deficiencies of the law is a part of every constitution. Since DARIUS thought himself bound to throw DANIEL into the den of lions, there has been no more conspicuous example of wilful and stupid impotence. It may be added that the law of the Irish has, unlike the law of the Medes and Persians, been repeatedly altered under pressure of necessity. It is sometimes contended that a Coercion Act would be not only illegitimate, but ineffective. To ordinary minds it seems that the power of detaining offenders without the necessity of relying on legal evidence would of itself go far to the repression of crime. A Land League member of Parliament, called HEALY, was the other day acquitted on a charge of intimidation, because the prosecutor, who had complained of being forced to evacuate his farm by threats uttered by HEALY and another defendant, swore before the Court that his statement to the magistrate had been wilfully false. The use of terror to prevent prosecutions for terrifying is perfectly intelligible. If a rational remedy were applied, justice would not be so easily defeated. When it is asked why ringleaders in outrages are not prosecuted under the existing law, it is a sufficient answer that in the present state of Ireland they cannot be convicted. It may be added that the Land League now intimidate or punish solicitors who conduct prosecutions against their agents and accomplices; that the magistrates are in danger of their lives; and that the League itself is recruited by force. Respectable Protestant clergymen have been compelled by local Leagues to subscribe to the PARNELL Defence Fund; and many persons have enrolled themselves in the League under a threat of the form of excommunication which is known as "Boycotting." Of one outrage the leaders of the Land League may be acquitted, except as far as they have for their own purposes roused the criminal passions of the populace. In wrecking the Protestant church of Ballynahinch, the local patriots have prematurely disclosed the ultimate tendency of the present social rebellion.

When Parliament meets the explanations of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues will be awaited with curiosity, and received in a spirit which, it is to be feared, may be rather critical than benevolent. Unless he can produce a justification of his long-continued inaction, the Government will be convicted of a neglect of duty which, notwithstanding the best intentions, will have been little less than criminal. If it appears that Mr. FORSTER was, in deference to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, refused the powers for which he asked, he at least will not be able to excuse the conduct of the Cabinet. It is not worth while to inquire what may happen, if, after all that has passed, the Government still refuse to introduce a Coercion Bill. It must be assumed for the purpose of argument that they will insist on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, on authority to disarm districts, and on the prohibition of seditious meetings. Other provisions taken from former Peace Preservation Acts may perhaps be included in the Bill. The great majority of the House of Commons will cordially support the measure, though it will amount to an acknowledgment of the justice of the charges which have been brought against the Government. If such a Bill is required in February, it ought to have been passed in

November. The Land League has in the interval extended its despotism over a large portion of Ireland, but it has invented only one or two novel forms of cruelty and oppression. With the obstruction which will undoubtedly be offered by the Irish members and a small and sympathetic English contingent the House of Commons must deal. The regular Opposition will not commit so gross a blunder as to fail to support the Government in the maintenance of Parliamentary freedom. There is no room for petty sectional divisions in a House which can only assert its dignity by the union of all well-affected members.

The Cabinet is so far unanimous that it continues to exist. It must, therefore, have agreed on the two great questions of coercion and of legislation on the tenure of land in Ireland. Whether the Ministerial project takes the shape of a Bill or of resolutions, Mr. GLADSTONE has probably induced or compelled his colleagues to assent to the simultaneous introduction of repression and of a permanent agrarian measure. Before the beginning of the Session the Report of the BESSBOROUGH Commission will have been completed, and the Ministers are already in possession of its main recommendations. If there were any advantage in discussing a mode of proceeding which will be selected by the Government at its discretion, plausible objections might be raised to the implied doctrine that life and property are not to be secured except at the price of concession to those by whom they are threatened. It would be necessary to strengthen the executive power if no sophist had ever selected the tenure of land as the subject-matter of his paradoxical incubations. A more serious objection to the ostentatious association of the two measures consists in the wholly experimental character of any law which can be devised for the regulation of the tenure of land. There is respectable authority for the opinion that the extension of ownership by small occupiers will greatly aggravate both the frequency and severity of distress, and the very evils which the advocates of the scheme desire to remove. The objections to peasant proprietorship are perhaps not insuperable, and they will certainly be disregarded by a Government of which Mr. BRIGHT is one of the most resolute members, and which will be advised by Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE. The objections to fixity of tenure, with arbitrated rents and saleable tenant right, are economically conclusive; but, if the scheme is recommended by Lord BESSBOROUGH and his colleagues, it will probably be adopted. There is no want of experts who predict the failure of the plan; and neither fixity of tenure nor purchase of their holdings by the occupiers will conciliate the Land League. It is easy to imagine the repugnance with which a section of the Cabinet will acquiesce in the decisions of colleagues with whom they have not a feeling nor an opinion in common; but the weaker party, which may perhaps not be a minority, judges wisely in postponing as long as possible the inevitable disruption. It is desirable that the whole Liberal party should be responsible for the approaching legislation. The influence of the moderate section will have been more effectively exerted within the Cabinet than in Parliament or out-of-doors. The remarkable suspension of all reports of resignation of individual members perhaps represents a comparatively moderate scheme of legislation.

THE BONAPARTIST REVIVAL.

BONAPARTISM has unexpectedly shown that it is still alive and still vigorous. Prince NAPOLEON has started a halfpenny newspaper of his own in which he repudiates the compromising alliances which have done the party so much mischief, and proclaims a policy which shall avoid the two extremes of reaction and revolution. Bonapartism, on the PRINCE'S theory, can never be either clerical or destructive. It will know how to defend the State against extravagant pretensions on both sides. It will truckle neither to the Church nor to the Commune. It is not so very long ago that this programme would have had no attractions for the French people. They would have pleaded that they had already in the Republic all that Prince NAPOLEON could possibly offer them. So long as this could be said with any truth Bonapartism had no chance. It tried to make one by associating itself with the reactionists, but in doing so it only did additional injury to itself. But of late the Republic

has opened fire upon the Conservatives from all points at once. They are not even treated as belligerents to be fought and beaten, but as rebels to be disarmed by way of precaution. If all the measures that are now in the air are adopted, it is hard to say what means of action they will retain, and if any prove to have been left to them by inadvertence, the mistake will promptly be set right. In order to estimate the prospects of the Bonapartist revival, it is essential to give full weight to the extraordinary change which has come over the character and policy of the existing Republic.

The dispersion of the great teaching orders was intended to deprive the middle classes of the bringing up of their own children. Wealthy men to whom the cost of education is immaterial, and who do not want to start their sons in an official or professional career, can still choose teachers for them. They can send them to the schools which the dispersed orders will set up in England, or they can keep them at home and employ the members of these dispersed orders as tutors. But the middle-class Frenchman will be in a different position. He has not the money to do either of these things; and, even if he had, he cannot afford to endanger his son's prospects. A foreign education, or a home education, is a bad preparation for competition in State examinations with young men who have been brought up in State schools. Still, in a country in which every man has a vote, the education of the middle classes is not as determining an element of policy as it is in countries where the suffrage is restricted; and, if the Church can retain the education of the poor, she may hope to survive the alienation of the class above them. The Education Bills now before the Legislature show that the Republican Government is quite as much alive to this as the Church can be. The Chamber of Deputies has already determined that elementary education shall be free, secular, and compulsory. If this arrangement is really carried out, the peasantry will no longer be allowed to leave their children untaught, and, as they will not be able to teach them at home, they will be forced to send them to school. In theory they will be at liberty to choose to what school they will send them. As a matter of fact, there will usually be but one school, and, even if there be more than one, education at the communal school will be free, while at any other school there must, with rare exceptions, be a charge made. The cases in which a French peasant will pay money for his child's schooling when he can have it for nothing will probably be few. When the Church is thus headed as regards the training of the young, she may be inclined to try her hand upon grown men. If she can no longer get at the children, it becomes all the more important to get at the parents. Something, indeed, has already been done in this direction. In nearly a hundred French towns there are Catholic Working Men's Societies, including several in Paris itself. What success these Societies have had is not very clear; but it has been enough to justify the holding of a "Congress" last September, and to recommend them to the attention of the Government. Their existence is at best precarious, since they are only authorized by a prefect's decree, which may be revoked at any moment. The Republican journals have been greatly shocked that Associations which are simply so many instruments of propagating anti-Republican doctrines should continue to exist under a Republic which has the power to suppress them. The prefects have at last realized their duty in the matter, and the offending Societies are being everywhere dissolved. In mere pity for the poor misguided workmen who might otherwise be seduced into joining them the Government could not do less. The active diffusion of Catholic ideas is inconvenient to the Republic; and, as the state of the law with regard to Associations gives the Government the power of checking it, their supporters are not inclined to allow them to leave this power unused. To men in this humour no weapon comes amiss. The Royal and the Imperial armories are alike made to give up their dead. When the Church is the object of attack every precedent is good, whether it breathes the spirit of LOUIS XIV. or the spirit of NAPOLEON I.

A remarkable instance of this has lately been furnished by the *République Française*. The Government and the POPE were for some time unable to agree as to the filling up of certain vacant bishoprics, and as the Concordat, while it assigns the nomination of bishops to the State, reserves to the POPE the right of conferring

canonical institution, it has commonly been supposed that the State would have to go on making nominations until it found some one whom the POPE would accept. The *République Française* insists that this is altogether a mistake. The Fourth Article of the Concordat does, it is true, make this division of powers, and if there were no further legislation on the subject, the refusal of canonical institution by the POPE would be a case not provided for. But there has been further legislation. In 1811 a National Council of more than a hundred bishops assembled at Paris, and decreed that, if the POPE did not confer canonical institution on the bishops nominated by the State within six months from his appointment, the Metropolitan, or, if he refused, the senior bishop, of the province should confer it instead of the POPE. This decree was presented to the POPE by a deputation of bishops, and confirmed by him in a brief given at Savona on the 20th of September, 1811. All therefore that the Minister of Public Worship has to do is to nominate what bishops he pleases, and, if the POPE refuses to give them canonical institution, to let the six months allowed by law to run out, and then to call upon the Metropolitan to give it. It is hard to say whether the impudence or the rashness of this suggestion is the more remarkable. Its impudence appears in the mention of the place at which the Papal Brief was signed. Why is it dated from Savona, and not from Rome? Because PIUS VII. was then a prisoner in the hands of NAPOLEON I. The Brief was issued under duress, and even then did not satisfy the EMPEROR, because it was not in all particulars a reproduction of the decree on which it was professedly founded. Nor does the decree itself deserve any more respect. The so-called Council at first declared itself incompetent to entertain the question of canonical institution, and it did not find out that it was competent to entertain it until violent pressure had been brought to bear by the EMPEROR upon the bishops. Even if the decree and the Brief were not alike nullified by the circumstances under which they were obtained, what could be more insane than to set up, nearly a century after the Revolution, a fresh succession of "constitutional" bishops and priests? Even Prince BISMARCK kept clear of this last blunder. He refused to recognize the POPE's bishops, but he did not try to force a Catholic population to accept his bishops instead of the POPE's. Such a proposal is all the more irritating that it is made by a journal which is constantly proclaiming that the separation of Church and State is a thing not to be permitted. The Church is not told to choose between accepting the disabilities and resigning the advantages of her position. She is plainly warned that she will have to keep both.

A French Conservative who sees that he is to be practically prevented from propagating his opinions, or a French Churchman who sees that he is not to be allowed to have bishops such as he can accept, might heretofore have comforted himself with two reflections. There was a chance that the new Chamber might be less revolutionary than the existing Chamber, and the chance that, under a process of judicial interpretation, the new legislation might prove insufficient to produce all the results which its authors expect from it. It is plainly intended that the victims shall no longer enjoy either of these consolations. The present constituencies are not sufficiently under the control of a central organization to vote the party ticket with becoming certainty and completeness. Too many reactionaries still creep into seats, and delay, though they cannot prevent, the adoption of salutary laws. Under the *Scrutin de liste* the number of the constituencies will be reduced and the number of members for each constituency increased; and it is hoped that in this way the Conservative minority in each department will everywhere be an unrepresented minority. It is another question whether in the long run extreme Republican views will gain by the change; but there can be no doubt that the opinion of extreme Republicans is that they will gain; and certainly it is only in a somewhat dim future that any indication of a contrary result can be discerned. The next Chamber, in all probability, will be more Radical than the present. In that case the only refuge left to the Conservatives or the Church will be the Courts of Law, and of this the Magistracy Bill now before the Senate proposes to deprive them. What does it matter that an old law turns out to be inapplicable to the case to which it is sought to apply it, or that a loop-

hole has been discovered in a new law which opens out a way of escape from it? Such discoveries as these are only valuable when there are independent judges to whom the question can be referred. In France for many a year to come there will be no independent judges. They will all be at the mercy of the Government for a year after the Bill becomes law, and a Government which has sacrificed so much to obtain the right of dismissing them may be trusted not to let the right go unused. Thus the Republic is, to all appearance, determined to convince the Conservatives that they have nothing to gain by submission. They are to be executed anyhow; the only choice left them has reference to the position in which they will await the final stroke. It has yet to be seen whether the Republic has been wise in thus driving its enemies to bay. Prince NAPOLEON evidently thinks that it has not been wise. He sees a new opportunity opening out before him, and at once reaches forward to seize it. He does so, no doubt, in a way special to himself. He does not present himself in the character of a Conservative, because to do this would be to dissociate himself from the active forces of French politics; but he offers the Conservatives the choice between a reasonable democracy and a democracy filled to overflowing with theoretical and fanatical enthusiasms—between a democracy which will leave them alone and a democracy which will eat them up. It will not be surprising if in this aspect Prince NAPOLEON should more and more come to be regarded as the protector the Conservatives have vainly tried to find among their own party.

IRISH ANARCHY.

THE obstinate resistance of the extreme Radical party to the employment of vigorous methods of repression in Ireland is probably not to be attributed to any direct sympathy with the projects of Mr. PARNELL. Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the evening journal which expresses, with some additional bitterness of its own, the opinions of the ultra-democratic party, tolerate seditious anarchy not for its own sake, but in the belief that the existing reign of terror will induce the Government to propose a sweeping measure for the readjustment of property in land. It is not surprising that Radical writers should have at the same time welcomed and ridiculed the remarkable document in which Mr. FORSTER calls the attention of local authorities to the nominal provisions of the actual law. The Irish Government itself does not escape the censure of its friends, although they willingly accept the apparent admission that exceptional securities for life and property are comparatively superfluous. Their attacks on the magistrates and police are more unqualified; and yet the Irish Constabulary have throughout the disturbances exhibited all the courage, the discipline, and the unsuspected loyalty for which they are justly renowned. There may be some pretext for the complaint that they are not remarkably successful in detecting crime; but they have not a fair opportunity of displaying their sagacity. In many cases they know the criminals who, as ring-leaders or as hired assassins, have executed the mandates of the Land League; but it is useless to arrest or prosecute offenders against whom no evidence will be forthcoming in a community consisting of their accomplices. The magistrates are still more powerless, because they are themselves exposed to threats and violence. If the police had been three months ago authorized to arrest in every district a dozen or a score of the paid agents of the Land League, and if the demagogues had been restrained from making inflammatory speeches, tranquillity would perhaps have been re-established as under the Westmeath Act of 1870. Even now the peaceable part of the population would be encouraged by decided action on the part of the Government to refuse obedience to the League. The shameful and selfish negligence which has supplied the disaffected population with arms will hereafter perhaps bear its fruit in the form of civil war. The immediate wants of Ireland are the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the prohibition of seditious meetings, and the prevention of the further acquisition of arms. No plausible excuse has been given by the apologists of the Government for its refusal to discharge the plainest of duties. The condition of Ireland has become week by week more dangerous and more intolerable, although Mr. DAVITT lately asserted that the

Land League had never encouraged the perpetration of outrages. The victims are in some cases landlords who have spent their lives in correcting the evils arising from Irish land tenure. Lord KENMARE has spent vast sums and a large portion of his life in improving the condition of his dependents. Mr. BENCE JONES was surrounded by a thriving tenantry, who owed their prosperity entirely to himself; yet, under the direction of the Land League, he is excluded from intercourse with his neighbours. His servants leave him; his neighbours will not buy or sell with him; his cattle cannot be driven through the streets of Dublin or shipped in a steamer for England. Such tyranny and cruelty have not been known since the French Reign of Terror. The English Ministers will hardly acquit themselves of a share in the guilt.

The opponents of so-called coercion, and the theorists who propose the modification or abolition of property in land, are naturally anxious to use the abnormal condition of Ireland as an occasion for creating a precedent which may be applicable to other communities. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, while he prudently deprecated simultaneous agitation against landowners in England and in Ireland, quoted with unconcealed exultation a recent attempt to transfer Irish communism to England. Mr. GLADSTONE lately stated that he was not aware of any proposal for dealing with the relations of English landlords and tenants on the principles which in exceptional circumstances might be deemed necessary for Ireland. He will perhaps be surprised at a demand which a Sussex farmer appears to have preferred at a meeting of an agricultural association or committee. In requiring fixity of tenure for occupiers who had deliberately agreed to rent land for a limited time, the Sussex Land-leaguer only followed the example of Mr. BARCLAY, who is both a tenant-farmer and a member of Parliament. He also proposed that the amount of rent, notwithstanding the stipulation of any lease or agreement, should be regulated by an independent tribunal; and finally, warning to his subject, he insisted that the tenant ought to be allowed to acquire the freehold by compulsory sale at a price to be similarly determined. The sympathetic journalist chuckles over the sordid impudence of the covetous farmer as an indication of the fate which impends over English landowners. It is possible that the Sussex farmer, or any one of his neighbours, may in the ordinary course of business have borrowed money from his banker. A loan of 1,000*l.* for three months at 5 per cent. would be a not unusual transaction. If the debtor is consistent in dealing with the different persons with whom he may have made contracts, he might propose that the three months should be extended to a perpetual term; that the rate of interest should, at the discretion of a Court, be reduced to three and a half or three per cent.; and finally, that he should be allowed to compound with his creditors on conditions to be settled by arbitration. There is not the smallest difference between the two kinds of contract or the resulting obligations. The lessor of the Sussex farmer must have acquired his land by some process of purchase or inheritance as lawfully as if it had been the capital or credit of a banker. The only distinction between the cases is that the cupidity of the Sussex farmer has been stimulated by pedants and agitators who have selected land as the subject-matter of revolutionary experiment. If the Sussex farmer had studied Continental literature of the same class, he would have found that in other countries capital is denounced by communists as more invidious and more justly liable to confiscation than property in land.

The enemies of landowners are ill advised in dwelling on the undoubted analogy which applies to all schemes of partial or total expropriation. They would be more likely to obtain the united support of the Liberal party for sweeping Irish measures if they could reassure them as to the security of property in Great Britain. The use which theorists have made of the Act of 1870 in their attacks on landed property elsewhere are fresh in the recollection of all who are interested. Prudent agitators will for the moment dwell on the necessity of appeasing Irish discontent, and on the admitted fact that a large portion of Irish occupiers are exclusively dependent on the cultivation of the soil. It might even be judicious to call attention to the wide difference between large farms occupied by capitalists, and small holdings in which it is difficult to maintain a family by hard labour. It is perhaps useless to recommend any form of moderation to

politicians who are ready to fish in troubled waters. The same advice may be more urgently impressed on the opponents of the Government. Even if they had a chance of defeating any moderate measure which may possibly be proposed, it would not be for the interest of the Conservative party to undertake the responsibility of legislation. It will be difficult or impossible to reconcile with economic principles any scheme which may be devised to benefit the Irish tenant at the expense of the landlord; but it is certain that something must be done; and those who are fortunate in not having to do it themselves would be ungenerous and unjust if they objected captiously to the proposals of the responsible Government. It would be absurd for English Conservatives to reject schemes which may possibly find favour with the unhappy landlords of Ireland; and it would be suicidal to form an unnatural alliance with the Land League which will assuredly denounce as futile the Ministerial Land Bill. The remonstrances which have been addressed to the Government for its toleration of anarchy are essentially fair and expedient; and it follows that practical support should be afforded to the measures of coercion which will probably be introduced at the beginning of the Session. No sensible member of the Opposition can at present wish to cause a rupture in the Cabinet; nor is it desirable to weaken the Executive Government in the presence of assailants who are also public enemies. Any form of Parliamentary obstruction would be acceptable to Mr. PAENELL.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE Note addressed by the Porte to the Hellenic Government, and since communicated to all the Powers, admits of more than one interpretation. It is impossible to deny the right of a State which is publicly threatened with war to anticipate the attack. The excuse of internal difficulties which has been offered to the European Powers would be summarily and rightly disregarded by Turkey. A Government which confesses or affects inability to restrain the aggressive propensities of its subjects invites a rupture with any neighbour who may find himself threatened. The Greeks are now warned that a continuance of their preparations will be followed by a suspension of friendly relations; and it is plainly indicated that the diplomatic rupture will lead to war. Unless the weaker party can confidently reckon on external aid, a deliberate collision with the forces which will occupy the disputed districts would be suicidal. A crushing defeat would be more dangerous to the Government and dynasty than any minor cause of discontent. The cession of Dulcigno has set at liberty a large body of regular troops who have already been withdrawn from Upper Albania. It is estimated that within a few weeks a hundred thousand men may without difficulty be concentrated in Epirus and Thessaly. The Greeks will scarcely be able during the ensuing spring to bring one-half of the number into the field; and it may be said, without disparagement of the military qualities of the nation, that in discipline and solidity the Turkish veterans would have an overwhelming superiority. In Thessaly the assistance of a friendly population might do something to redress the balance, unless indeed the reported antagonism of the Vlaches to Greek supremacy introduces an unforeseen element of confusion. The Northern parts of Epirus are within reach of the Albanian tribes, who, notwithstanding their occasional demand of independence, would probably be faithful to the SULTAN in a contest with a foreign enemy. The inclination of the inhabitants of Epirus is at present doubtful. A recent visitor to the country is of opinion that they are not ready for annexation to Greece, although he thinks that they may hereafter be gradually conciliated. Other authorities may probably arrive at a different conclusion; but it would not be prudent to declare war against a superior adversary in reliance on conjecture.

There seems to be reason to believe that the war-like language of King GEORGE and his Ministers was founded on communications which the KING believed himself to have received during his recent visit to Europe. It is probable that the English Government may have undertaken to co-operate with France; and it is said that M. GAMBETTA, who has always favoured the Greek cause, gave the KING satisfactory assurances. Reports of informal negotiations are not to be implicitly trusted. It is difficult

to believe that M. GAMBETTA would avow to a foreign potentate, however friendly, his possession of the paramount influence which he is popularly believed to exercise. The French Ministry have not confirmed the supposed promises of the PRESIDENT of the CHAMBER, unless M. DE MORNAY has been authorized to give fresh assurances of support in his recent conversation with the KING. M. GRÉVY has on more than one occasion shown his unwillingness to tolerate usurpation of his prerogative. There must probably be some foundation for the story of M. GAMBETTA's assurances, for it is difficult to account for the language addressed to the Greek Chamber, if the Government relied exclusively on its own forces. It is impossible to say whether additional encouragement has been derived from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's unwarrantable declaration that the Greeks, if they went to war, would not be left alone. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE have a sufficiently arduous task without the additional embarrassment which may be caused by indiscreet colleagues. If the questionable measure of intercepting the Turkish customs duties at Smyrna was communicated to King GEORGE, he must at the same time have been informed that the execution of the plan was conditional on the participation of some of the other Powers, and especially of France. The English Ministers have since plainly stated that they are not disposed to act alone. By forcing on a rupture with Turkey the Greek Government would thwart the policy of its best friends; and it would probably incur the serious displeasure of Austria and Germany. There is no reason to believe that Russia is disposed to assist in an enterprise which is scarcely consistent with the extension of Slavonic influence. Public declarations are always to be received with suspicion when they conflict with obvious expediency. The KING and his Ministers may perhaps threaten immediate war in the hope of extorting concessions.

A similar interpretation has been placed by serious commentators on the Turkish Note. The Porte might perhaps have made the Greek preparations for war an excuse for refusing all territorial concessions; and there can be little doubt that they would have peremptorily defied their adversary if the Great Powers had not been in a certain sense parties to the controversy. The decision of the Berlin Conference was perhaps hasty, as the award was published without the assent of one of the principals to the arbitration; but when all Europe has concurred in a solemn judgment, it cannot be lightly set aside. The Turks may perhaps have reason to believe that some of the parties to the Berlin Conference are not unwilling to modify a claim which may have partly resulted from misapprehension. In the recent Note the Turkish Government prudently recognizes the principle of a cession of territory, and even refers to its own previous professions of willingness to negotiate. It is true that the Turkish Commissioners caused perpetual delays, and that they would never agree to any proposal of their Greek colleagues; but they and their Government consistently allowed that something must be done. The Note expresses a desire to renew the negotiations; and, if the Greeks are well advised, they will profit by the occasion of delay. The statesmen who have lately applied diplomatic pressure both at Athens and at Constantinople may perhaps have induced both parties to take into consideration some modification of the frontiers which were respectively proposed by the Turks and by the plenipotentiaries at Berlin. The warlike language, the financial sacrifices, and the considerable armaments of Greece may possibly have suggested to the Turkish Government the expediency of settling a dangerous question. On the whole, the tendency of the so-called ultimatum seems to be pacific.

It is unknown how far the Greek Government may have trusted to unavowed auxiliaries as well as to its real or supposed patrons; but both Turkey and Greece are well aware that an invasion of Thessaly and Epirus might probably provoke insurrections in Macedonia and East Roumelia. The apprehension of such a result and of the further complications which might ensue has probably induced Austria, and therefore Germany, to promote a peaceable settlement of the dispute. Russia also is perhaps not disinclined to adjourn for the present an inevitable conflict. Even if the present interests of the enemies of Turkey may coincide, far-seeing Greek politicians will scarcely be inclined to extend and consolidate the power of formidable rivals. They are more likely to in-

herit portions of Turkish territory which remain for the present under the dominion of the SULTAN than provinces which may acquire nominal independence under a Russian protectorate. Judicious Western politicians, though they are less inclined to indulge in vague speculation, regard with goodwill the prospect of the future aggrandizement of Greece. No other race in South-Eastern Europe possesses the same political and commercial capacity; and a considerable Greek kingdom would be more independent than any minor Slavonic State. It is probably not true that any Government has lately suggested as a compromise the substitution of Crete for Epirus. The incomplete title which is founded on the decisions of the Congress and of the Conference could not extend to an alternative acquisition. It also happens that Crete has for some time past been comparatively tranquil under an endurable Constitution. The Mahometan population would justly remonstrate against a diplomatic transaction which would transfer their allegiance to an alien Government, and it would not be easy to defend an arbitrary arrangement. Hereafter the Greeks may not improbably succeed in annexing Crete and other islands which are now subject to Turkish sovereignty; but Europe cannot afford to allow the disturbance of peace by the premature prosecution of ambitious schemes. It is obvious that the cession of Crete would leave open the claim of Thessaly and Epirus to liberation, even if it were accepted in discharge of its claims by the Government of Athens. If the Greek Ministers studied the report of the late meeting of their friends in London, they will have come to the conclusion that in England there is for the moment little enthusiasm on their behalf. They will do well, notwithstanding the encouragement which may be derived from Sir CHARLES DILKE's speech, to accept the overtures to negotiate which are made in the Turkish Note.

JUDGE AND RECTOR.

LORD PENZANCE will, at all events when he sums up the events of his conspicuous career, be able to enjoy the legitimate satisfaction of having been both actively and passively successful in displaying in no common measure, and in many striking and unexpected lights, that love of law which is happily characteristic of the English as compared with the Irish character. He was active in the good work when he signed the significant which have consigned Mr. DALE and Mr. ENRIGHT to prison. Again he promoted the good cause passively on the day when Mr. CHARLES addressed the Queen's Bench, and was successful in obtaining the Habeas Corpus and the rules nisi which threw upon the learned Judge the interesting and profitable task, not only of disproving that, in contributing to this imprisonment of ritualistic law-breakers, he had made himself (not to mention the Bishop of EXETER) a breaker and not a guardian of the law, but even of rebutting allegations which went the length of impugning his claim to be the Dean of Arches at all. After a few days' suspense he has come out successful on all points; but, thanks to the energy with which prosecution has been pushed in the spirit of persecution, even a formal success can be damaging if it involves any *prima facie* possibility of the ridiculous conclusion being reached that the real law-breaker was not the man who went to prison, but the man who had sent him there. There are law-breakers and there are law-breakers. But in this case the choice was confined to breaking law in reference to a religious ceremony or breaking it in reference to a legal ceremony. Either Lord PENZANCE in Court or Mr. DALE in prison had merely done wrong in a matter of rites and forms; and the action of the Judge, like that of the priest, contains no element of violence, dishonesty, or immorality.

The final decision of the Judges of the Queen's Bench did not, we confess, much surprise us. Had the result been otherwise, it would not have touched the real merits of the question, which lie very much deeper than mere flaws of technical procedure. Lord COLERIDGE and Justices FIELD and MANISTY overruled all the subtle objections raised in the case. Mr. DALE accordingly is remanded to Holloway Gaol, and the application in behalf of Mr. ENRIGHT is refused. But one very notable point, and pregnant, it may be, with consequences of very great importance, was established by the judgment. The claim of Lord PENZANCE to be Dean of the Arches is de-

clared to rest upon his Parliamentary title to the office. Parliament is omnipotent, and it has made Lord PENZANCE Dean of Arches. The one proviso, that he is to profess himself a member of the Church of England, supersedes all other conditions, qualifications, and safeguards imposed either by usage or the Canons Ecclesiastical. It is not to be expected that this settlement of the question will satisfy the scruples of those who deny, and are ready to go to prison for denying, that Lord PENZANCE, however truly he may be by Act of Parliament an ecclesiastical judge, has any spiritual authority whatever. Few people, when the matter is clearly put before them, will contend that spiritual authority, such as can touch men's consciences as well as their purses and persons, can be conferred by the civil power. We have most certainly not yet seen the end of this controversy.

Meanwhile, the real value of the bold policy of which Mr. CHARLES was the mouthpiece in attempting to effect Mr. DALE's release must be measured far more by its effect upon public opinion than by its immediate effect upon the status either of Judge or of rector. The root of the matter is how to indemnify the Church for a distracted past by a satisfactory future. We have no sympathy for law-breaking by judge, prelate, or parson, while that general wrongheadedness, which all through the ritual struggle has been the one touch of nature which has made all sides akin, reduces us to silence on the special wrongheadedness of any particular party on any given occasion. The inquiry, more metaphysical than legal, whether Mr. DALE was justified in his method of testing judge-made law—a method, by the way, borrowed from a certain old squire of Bucks named HAMPDEN—can only be met by the equally metaphysical inquiry how far Lord PENZANCE vindicated his character of a large-minded and forbearing guide in days of difficulty and distress when he took up the office of Dean of Arches by the risky way, when he might have taken the safe one. These considerations may provoke exciting contests of wit for debating societies, but men of practical sense will prefer to ask what can be done to make it impossible hereafter for judges to find themselves in the position in which Lord PENZANCE has been placed by fate, or for clergymen to take the line which Mr. DALE has thought it his duty to adopt, or, least of all, for Unions and Associations to shake their fists in each other's faces in the name of the peace of our Church and of the prosperity of our useful and venerable Establishment.

The immediate failure of Mr. DALE's friends to procure his release is of course a present rebuff to all who suffer under the tyranny of the Church Association. But the movement is not without moral advantage in the suspicion which a contention of so unprecedented a character has thrown upon the whole machinery of persecution in which the Church Association and its allies the Churchwardens of St. Vedast's have hitherto revelled with shameless impunity. If, as we must do, we grant that religious persecution is an anachronism, it follows that its roots are struck in very shallow ground. Persecutors have before now discovered to their cost that their formal victory was after all a moral defeat; and such a disgraceful one as that which has been gained over the hapless Mr. DALE will prove to be really the first in a series of blows which will surely, though perhaps slowly, overturn the dead weight of the exclusive and unsympathetic Puritanism which lies so heavy upon all the functions of the Church of England. Two centuries back the ultra-Protestants were the "law-breakers," and JOHN BUNYAN went to prison. It is now the turn of the Ritualists, and Puritanism, in its rival organizations of the Church Association and the Liberation Society, has shown its capacity for improving on its own sharp, clear lesson in persecution. It is much to be hoped that counsels of wisdom and moderation may prevail, and some *modus vivendi* be discovered by which the two diverging schools of thought in the Church of England may continue to dwell side by side with mutual toleration. England, and the Church of England, can spare neither of them. We should be very sorry to anticipate that Puritanism, or, as it pleases in modern times to call itself, Evangelicalism, would ever be driven out from the confines of one tolerant Establishment. With all its shortcomings, that method of thought has noble qualities, and assimilates itself to the English character in some of its most sturdy attributes. A warning example against such a mistake may be found in the history of the later Roman Church, which forgot its usual

prudence when it extirpated the outward manifestations of Jansenism. Since that unfortunate period, the moral fibre of Romanism has visibly weakened, and the area of its intellectual supremacy proportionately contracted. But Puritanism must be taught how to content itself with abiding within the English Church on the terms which it now arrogantly refuses to concede to its rival co-religionists. "Live and let live" is the sum total of the plea of the ceremonial party. "Yes," answers the Puritan, "we are going to live, and we do not object to your living too, only your life is to be spent in prison." Whatever may be the faults of the Ritualists, they never have been, and we believe they are never likely to be, guilty of volunteering to act as the amateur gaolers of brother Churchmen. But, long-suffering in this respect as they may be, they have resolved upon retaliating by forcing their antagonists to endure their co-existence as free men within a common Church.

The only possible alternative to this issue is one which no thoughtful man can wish to face. It is disruption, to be sure followed, if not preceded, by disestablishment. No mistake can be greater, on the part of our civil or ecclesiastical rulers, than to suppose that only a few extreme men, who might with advantage be spared, are affected by these measures of persecution. The action of the Church Association is a standing menace to the whole phalanx, compact and formidable as it is, of the old-fashioned moderate High Churchmen. And the unhappy Public Worship Regulation Act, as to the satisfactory working of which its archiepiscopal author can scarcely, we think, continue to boast, is a weapon ready for anybody's hand wherewith to smite his neighbour. If this Act were impartially put in action all round, there are none, "bishops" or "curates," who might not be its victims. Happily it is only likely to be used against those for whom it was ungenerously devised, the unpopular party of the day. That party, however, which is fast absorbing the energy and zeal of the growing generation, is likely to be vastly strengthened by the accession of multitudes of quiet men who are, with some reason, alarmed at the present aspect of affairs. How deeply people's minds are moved by the discovery, no longer to be ignored, that the action of the Legislature, as expounded and enforced (we do not say wrongly enforced) by the Courts of Law, has altered, without the assent and consent of the Church, the ancient relations between the Church and the State, may be seen in the important letter in which the eminent and respected Dean of St. PAUL's goes at once to the root of the matter, and declares that "a State Church" deriving all its rights, duties, and powers from Parliament "would be rejected by three-fourths of the English clergy." If this be true, disestablishment must before long come within the range of practical politics. We do not wonder that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, addressing some of the clergy of his diocese, has urgently counselled present moderation in speech and action, and has even held out some hope of relief to the present strained state of affairs from the possible action of Convocation. It may thus be that the reimprisonment of Mr. DALE may prove to be a Pyrrhic victory to his persecutors, and that from the failure to effect his release by mere legal technicalities may date the growth of a sounder public opinion as to the true relations of Church and State.

MADAME THIERS.

IT is not often that the wife of a statesman, however eminent, has so wide a celebrity that her death is regarded as a matter of European interest. And yet Mme. THIERS was, except to her own circle, nothing more than the wife of M. THIERS. She had intellectual vivacity, much decision of character, and many gifts of form and fortune. But many wives of great men have had equal merits and advantages, without attracting more attention than awaits every woman whose husband occupies a great position. What gave Mme. THIERS a unique celebrity was her worship of her husband. She was married at fifteen and M. THIERS was then Minister of the Interior. To the husband who had won such distinction at the age of thirty-six with nothing to help him but his keen wit, his irrepressible energy, and his tenacious grasp of a few political principles sensible rather than wide or original, she devoted herself with an ardour that carried its jealous watchfulness into every detail of daily life. Whatever he did, she thought

admirable; whatever he said, she thought sublime; whatever he wrote, she thought perfect. He got up at five in the morning, so she got up at five; he had a fancy for works in bronze, so she adored works in bronze; he thought green suited his eyes, so she made her rooms gorgeous with the colour that he loved. She was a clever woman, but she only valued her Latin because it enabled her to read the classics with him; and she used her knowledge of foreign languages merely to read to him useful extracts from foreign journals. She had wealth and official position, but she was entirely indifferent to social success. Her reception rooms were to her merely the place where those who had the privilege of entering might find M. THIERS. A man who was a friend of M. THIERS was once for all great and good; a man who was not did not exist for her at all; an enemy of M. THIERS was an enemy of the human race. The loss of such a husband to such a wife was necessarily overwhelming, and her only consolation was to prolong by strange and tender devices the worship of the loved one she had lost. She filled his room with every statue, bust, picture, engraving, and photograph of him that she could procure, and reverently piled up on this altar of her affections every journal that spoke well of him. Journals that criticized him could have no place in the sanctuary. There she could be alone with him, and it was not so much with his memory as with his actual presence that she was alone. Devotion so passionate and so sustained was no doubt a high tribute to the character of M. THIERS. However blind a woman may be to faults, she can hardly go on worshipping a man for half a century unless he has much in him that justifies enthusiasm in those who know him best. But what makes love of this kind rare is not that it is difficult to deserve it so much as that it is difficult to feel it. Only exceptional natures can love in this way, and it is perhaps as well that they are exceptional. But when they exist and find a fitting outlet for their powers, and this outlet takes the form of a husband whose acts and thoughts affect the fortunes of nations, they naturally attract the wondering, and perhaps admiring, attention of mankind.

The year in which M. THIERS died was the greatest, if the saddest, in the life of his wife. No homage ever rendered to him was so marked, because none was so spontaneous and sincere, as that which he received from the Chamber when it reassembled, in June 1877, after the change of Ministry which Marshal MACMAHON had so suddenly brought about. The Chamber had been prorogued, and was brought together in order to hear that it was to be dissolved. M. DE FOURTOU gave his account of the reasons that had prompted the stroke of May 16 and of the views of those who had contrived or profited by it. There was, he said, no reason to distrust them, as they had been members of the Assembly of 1871, which had liberated the country. As if by a magical impulse, the whole House, with the exception of the Right, which was awed into silence, started to its feet, and, turning to M. THIERS, shouted with one voice, "Voilà le libérateur du pays." This was the last time M. THIERS appeared in public. For Mme. THIERS this was the crowning tribute of the living to the living. The next which she was to welcome with pride amidst her grief was that of the living to the dead. M. THIERS died on September 3, and on the occasion of his funeral Mme. THIERS showed that, in case of necessity, she could be much more than the shadow of her husband. She acted with courage and firmness, and her resolution was crowned with success. Public feeling pronounced so strongly that the greatest possible honour should be paid to the statesman whom France was mourning, that the Ministry offered to make the funeral a public one at the national expense. Mme. THIERS replied that it was quite right that the State should pay every possible honour to the departed, but that in the procession the first place must be given to the friends of M. THIERS. This was thoroughly in accordance with the views of her lifetime. To have been a friend of M. THIERS was the only title to eminence that she recognized. But the Ministry could not take the honourable part in the ceremony which she left for them, and the funeral was nominally private. But it was the private funeral of Paris and of France. The people seemed absorbed in the one thought of showing how profoundly they felt that the man they mourned was their man, and not the man of the clique that had vaulted into power. The friends of M. THIERS whom Mme. THIERS had that day to recog-

nize were numbered by hundreds of thousands. Later on she had the delight of dealing, with a weapon of which her husband had left her the possession, a telling stroke against the foes who were trying to undo everything he had done. A few days after the funeral was over the MARSHAL issued to the electors a manifesto, in which he used in the strongest form the language which his reckless advisers had taught him to utter as his own. It seemed as if there was one thing from which this language must be safe, and that was the criticism of M. THIERS. But the MARSHAL's manifesto had scarcely had time to circulate through the country when Mme. THIERS had the satisfaction of replying to it in the shape of an address to the electors of his arrondissement which M. THIERS had prepared before his death. This address covered all the ground traversed by the MARSHAL's manifesto. It showed what a wise and really Conservative statesman would have said in the position of the MARSHAL. The effect was very great, and nothing helped the Republicans more effectually. It seemed for the moment as if M. THIERS was still as much alive for France as he always was for the woman who lived for him.

It is said that in the three years that it remained for her to live, Mme. THIERS had to undergo a grief almost more poignant than that occasioned by her loss, and to see that this great hero of the State, this liberator of the country, this wise teacher of a listening people, could be forgotten. Nothing to her could be so shocking and so inhuman as that, while she thought of nothing else but of the man she had lost, the world had found so many other things to think of that it hardly thought of him at all. A statue in his memory was not long ago ready for erection at St. Germain, where he died, and the ceremony of unveiling this new image of the precious features seemed to her one to which France would flock with earnest and pressing thankfulness. The day came, and the ceremony was not so much flat as non-existent. No one came to do official honour, except one or two minor members of the Ministry, who had evidently been told off on what they thought an idle duty. There was no crowd, no throng of eager admirers. A little bit of local business was decently transacted, and that was all. There was nothing wonderful in this. It did not show any strange ingratitude on the part of the French people. It was merely that so much had happened since the death of M. THIERS. New men, new ideas, new quarrels, had come to the front. He was a man as completely of the past as if he had died many years before. No doubt, if it had so happened that a powerful party had been formed which based itself on ideas with which the name of THIERS had been intimately associated, the enthusiasm of the party would have kept alive the memory of its deceased chief. But there was no such party, and it is difficult to see how there could have been. The one main idea of M. THIERS was to do the best thing that could be done at the moment. This is, in itself, an excellent idea; but it is not an idea which can give life to a party. At the same time, it was impossible that Mme. THIERS should see this. To her M. THIERS, living or dead, was an oracle of wisdom, and she fled from a world to which this oracle seemed mute.

SIR R. TEMPLE ON THE CONDITION OF INDIA.

OUR Indian Empire is an admirable topic alike for eulogy or disparagement. It is so vast, so vague, so picturesque that the artist can always find abundant material for whatever kind of picture he is disposed to draw. If he is in search of gloomy scenes, he can find them in abundance in the long list of woes and tragedies to which a vast agricultural population is exposed in a tropical climate; the scourge of great epidemics, the life-long and hopeless struggles of pauperized masses, the resistless march of drought and famine with slaughtered millions in their wake. If, on the other hand, he is disposed, by position or temperament, to fill his canvas with cheerful scenes and brilliant colours, there is an equally plentiful supply of congenial topics. The very position of the English Government as the maintainer of order, the champion of the weak, the great instrument of civilization and progress to many millions who would otherwise be the prey of conquest or the victims of local tyranny, is in itself a fruitful theme for language of encouragement and hope; and the figures which the Indian Government can array in

support of its claim to administrative success require no adroit handling to render them cogent to the reason, and impressive to the imagination, of all but the most uncompromising pessimists. The consequence is that the condition of India, and the character of the work which the English Government is carrying on in that country, are for the most part expounded to the British public in a series of antagonistic and apparently contradictory statements. The wail of lamentation over a bankrupt Government and a suffering people has hardly died away before the jubilant notes of triumph break upon the ear. Mr. HYNDMAN and the school of writers who adopt his method have scarcely ceased assuming that India, under the hands of its English executioners, is fast bleeding to death, before some cheerful apologist steps boldly into the arena, armed *cap-a-pie* with unanswerable statistics, and prepared to do battle with any one who calls in question the sagacity of the Indian Government, the soundness of Indian finance, and the increasing prosperity of the Indian population.

Among such champions of the administration, Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, it is needless to say, occupies a most distinguished position. He is the very type of the most vigorous, most hopeful, most successful civilian. He has been employed everywhere in the most varied offices, and in all of them his energy, his courage, his untiring force of body and mind, have made a deep impression alike on his superiors, his colleagues, and his subordinates. A long career of hard work under an Eastern sun left him as buoyant, as resourceful, as indefatigable as ever. He knows India as only those few officers whose fortunes carry them into different parts of the country can ever know it. He has compared the peasant of Behar with his counterpart in the well-watered deltas of East Bengal, the rice-fields of Orissa, the dry uplands of Bellary, the barren heights of the Bombay Deccan. He knows the intricacies of finance and taxation with the familiarity of long and responsible experience; he was in charge, at one time, of the most successfully managed, at another of one of the most destructive, famines that India has ever known. Marked, early in his career, by the judicious eye of Lord LAWRENCE, he took a foremost part in the difficult task of introducing order and civilization to the warlike races of the Panjab. In the Central Provinces, in Bengal, at the Court of the Nizam, as a Minister at Calcutta, and a Governor at Bombay—in all alike he has watched with the carefulness of a responsible observer the results of British administration, the evils to which the Indian peasant is heir, and the problems which the English ruler is called by the practical duties of official life to solve. As far as experience goes, no weightier or more competent witness could be adduced. If his testimony breathes somewhat too much of the official tone; if he sees somewhat too clearly the good which the Government has effected, and ignores the mistakes of which it has occasionally been guilty, we are safe, at any rate, with him from the crude inaccuracies of inexperience, the rash and hasty inferences, the dangerous impatience, the ill-considered suggestions which too often characterize amateur criticism of Indian affairs. Sir R. TEMPLE, whatever his other disqualifications, speaks with all the authority of long and varied personal observation. His facts are, to use his own trenchant phrase, "irrefragable, indisputable, demonstrable, unquestionable."

The general view which he supports is one which has repeatedly been enforced in these columns. It may be summed up in the statements that the financial position is assured; that taxation is, after every allowance is made for the poverty of the people, extremely light; that a commercial development on an extraordinary scale is in progress; and that the prospects of the country can be best promoted by judicious assistance, on the part of the State, to the various industries and enterprises on which that development depends. As to the finances, the opinion of the best judges has been recently expressed in a practical form which admits of no dispute. The public creditor in England is ready to lend the Indian Government sums vastly in excess of any possible requirements at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The facts of the case amply justify the confidence which such a rate attests; a substantial margin of revenue over ordinary expenditure has been established; liberal provision for occasional outlay on famine relief has been made; the 163 millions embarked in productive public works are earning a net profit in excess of their interest, and are certain to improve; trade is

rapidly, and to all appearance irrepressibly, progressive. At the beginning of the century it was completely insignificant—"of little more importance," to use the language of Mr. McCulloch, "than that between England and Jersey or the Isle of Man"; in 1834 the foreign trade had risen to 18½ millions; in 1879 it stood at 122 millions; and in the present year it is likely to be higher than ever. On the other hand, the measures initiated under Lord MAYO and carried out by Sir JOHN STRACHEY, for imposing financial responsibility on the local Governments, have led to great economies; the cost of civil administration has been reduced; while the interest charge on the public debt, other than that incurred for public works, is 1½ million lower now than it was ten years ago. So long as the profits on opium continue as good as at present, and the loss by exchange becomes no greater, the Indian Exchequer need occasion no anxiety.

A more difficult and anxious problem is involved in the question how the Government can most effectually assist the growth of industrial enterprises and the continued development of trade. India, it has frequently been observed, is rich in almost every raw material with which the manufactures of the world are concerned. Its climate and soil are highly favourable to agriculture; its supply of coal is one of the largest in the world; iron ore is in many parts of the country abundant; its fibres are of infinite variety and amount. On the other hand, all these treasures are to a large extent lost, owing to the want of intelligent enterprise and the necessary capital. The food crop out-turn is, owing to inferior culture, some seventeen bushels per acre lower than that of England, a loss which has to be calculated upon the 160 millions of acres devoted to food crops. Industries of the higher order, with the exception of the infant cotton manufacture, there are scarcely any; of the entire exports only 6½ per cent. are manufactures. Here is the field to which Sir R. TEMPLE is anxious to direct the enterprise of his countrymen. Young Englishmen, he says, ought to be in India buying up the native products, and studying what are the best articles to send to Europe. But then, in order to do this profitably, the young Englishmen must be specially trained, and technical education is the branch of study in which England is most behind-hand. We are happy to observe that the Famine Commission has drawn attention to the necessity of agricultural and technical education in the ranks of the Civil Service, and has suggested arrangements by which a certain proportion of officials may be encouraged to devote themselves principally to these subjects. It is in this direction, we believe, that reform is most required, and that the judicious introduction of new men and a new system would be rewarded with the happiest results.

POST OFFICE IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. FAWCETT had an encouraging account to give to his constituents of his administration of the Post-Office. His scheme in particular for the encouragement of small savings has been extraordinarily successful. It is only a month since the plan was extended to the whole country, and in that short time more than a million stamps have been deposited with the Post Office. These stamps have been paid in by means of nearly 84,000 forms, and of these more than 58,000 have been new accounts. It is plain, therefore, that, in providing for these very small savings, Mr. FAWCETT has discerned a genuine want. The proposal to make the putting by of pennies an easier process than when it had to be carried on at home rests on the belief that the desire to have a little money laid up against a day when it will be wanted goes down to the very lowest strata of the working community; and the accuracy of this belief seems to have been vindicated by the result. Mr. FAWCETT appears, however, to be unduly confident that the plan in its present form will not lead to theft. There has not, he says, been a single complaint of a theft having been committed. This can only mean that no such complaint has reached the Post Office; but there is no particular reason why complaints should be carried there. Young servants have many opportunities of stealing a few stamps at a time, and even a single stamp has its value in this new form of Savings Bank account. If a mistress suspects that her stamps occasionally disappear in this way, she may be more careful about locking them up, but she is not likely to communicate her supposed loss to the

Post Office authorities. It may surprise some excellent people that stealing and the wish to provide for the future should go together; but there is reason to fear that the virtue of thrift is not necessarily associated with honesty, and that the desire to save admits, like most other desires, of being gratified at other people's expense. Nor is all saving for the future of a kind which is even conventionally associated with honesty. Men have been known to pay in money weekly to the landlord of a public-house in order to have a debauch of unusual dimensions when their deposits have grown to a sufficient figure, and the veriest drudge may open an account in stamps with the Post Office Savings Bank in order to buy herself a new bonnet at Easter. Mr. FAWCETT says that all danger of theft would be avoided if people would always use stamps perforated with their initials. For a sum, he says, which is almost nominal, sheets of perforated stamps may be purchased, and, under the instructions given to the postmasters, no form will be accepted on which these stamps have been placed. But the class of persons who are most likely to suffer by the pilfering of stamps seldom buy them by a sheet at a time. It is not easy to see why the tables should not be turned, and postmasters forbidden to receive any forms which contain stamps which have not been perforated. If the Post Office authorities preferred it, a distinct Savings Bank stamp might be issued. All that is wanted is some distinctive mark that shall ensure that the stamps which the depositor affixes to the Post Office form have been given to him or bought by him. If only a particular stamp is accepted for this purpose, and if postmasters are forbidden to give the Savings Bank stamps in exchange for ordinary stamps, the necessary protection against theft would virtually be obtained.

It is satisfactory to learn that the number of new accounts which are being opened with the Post Office Savings Banks is increasing faster than it has ever increased before. This is especially significant at this season of the year, since Christmas is usually the time at which deposits are most largely withdrawn. It may be hoped that this increase shows that the working classes have learnt the lesson of the recent depression of trade. There is no question that they had learnt it to some extent even before the recent depression, since, had they not done so, they could not have undergone so severe a trial without appealing more largely either to the Poor-Law or to private charity. If the first use they make of returning prosperity is to repair the losses which their Savings Banks' books have sustained, there will be some reason to hope that habits of thrift are spreading over the country generally. Mr. FAWCETT might with advantage have been either less positive or more explanatory in his criticism of the scheme for compulsory assurance which is associated with the names of Mr. BLACKLEY and Lord CARNARVON. "I, for one," he says, "would never consent to see thrift compulsorily enforced." There are difficulties enough in the way of compulsory insurance, and it is very likely that they would be found practically insuperable; but supposing that it were possible to levy it at an age when the working-man is usually better off than he is at any other time of his life, it is hard to see what theoretical objection Mr. FAWCETT can entertain towards the plan. At all events, the case against it is not so self-evident that it does not need even to be stated. The plan by which Consols to the amount of 10*l.* and upwards may be bought at some 6,000 post offices in all parts of the country has not been long enough in operation to allow of its success being determined. Many hundreds of people, Mr. FAWCETT tells us, have already made investments through this agency, and in no instance has there been the slightest difficulty. If this continues to be the case, it is to be hoped that Mr. FAWCETT will see his way to reducing the minimum amount of investment. It is probable that the number of purchases which would be made if 5*l.* could be disposed of in this way would be very much larger. 10*l.* is more than a working-man—even than a well-paid working-man—can be expected to put by at a time, and the longer the interval between the beginning of the process of laying by and its accomplishment in the shape of a purchase of Consols, the greater is the chance that something may come in to interrupt it.

Two further Post Office improvements are foreshadowed in Mr. FAWCETT's address. One is a reduction in the charge for telegrams, the other is the establishment of a parcel post. On the present year the net profit on the telegraph service will be 500,000*l.*, which gives 5*l.* per cent.

on the capital actually spent in the purchase, and 7*l.* per cent. on the capital which ought to have been spent on it. Mr. FAWCETT thinks that, by a sacrifice of about 170,000*l.*, it would be possible to substitute for the present shilling rate a rate of a halfpenny per word, including addresses, with a minimum charge of sixpence. The service would still yield a profit of something over 3*l.* per cent.; and the immense increase in the number of telegrams that would almost certainly follow would very soon bring the profits up to their present level. Mr. FAWCETT does not mention one very considerable difficulty to which a great cheapening of telegrams might give rise. Telegrams, unlike letters, must be delivered immediately upon their arrival. If they are kept back till a stated hour, half the use of sending them disappears. In London, for example, where there are hourly deliveries of letters, there would be no advantage in sending telegrams if they were only sent out at fixed intervals. It is possible that in London the reduction of the charge to sixpence might increase the number beyond any calculable proportion to the present number; and in that case, both as regards cost and convenience, the question of delivery would become really serious. The community would be in a fair way to being divided into those to whom telegrams were addressed and those by whom they were being delivered. The negotiations for a parcel post were begun under Lord JOHN MANNERS, the parties to them being the Post Office on the one side and the Railway Companies on the other. Each possesses advantages which the other cannot hope to rival, and consequently a parcel post will obviously be best set on foot by a cordial co-operation between the two. Under any system the Railway Companies must carry the parcels from place to place, and that part of the labour will be left to them under the new arrangements. But, if the Railway Companies were to organize a staff of their own for the delivery of parcels at the houses of those to whom they are addressed, they could only do so at a great expense to themselves and by altogether ignoring the existing staff of the Post Office. It is now proposed that the Railway Companies shall undertake the carriage of parcels, and the Post Office their delivery, and, to a certain extent, their collection. The cost of carriage is to be prepaid by a stamp, and a fixed proportion of the receipts is to be paid over to the Railway Companies. In this way the Companies will be the gainers by the money they receive from the Post Office and the money they save upon the maintenance of a staff of servants for delivering parcels. The Post Office will gain by the immense development which the service is likely to undergo. The public will gain by the additional facilities for sending parcels, with a perfect knowledge of how much there is to pay, and full assurance that nothing will remain to be paid at the other end.

HELLENIC STUDIES IN ENGLAND.

IN spite of the invaluable services which Englishmen like Colonel Leake and Mr. Newton have lent to archaeology, it must be admitted that the study of classical life, as illustrated by the material relics of old times, has long been neglected in England. The Universities for two or three generations have been ruled by scholars who seemed almost to despise archaeology. Statues they were uninterested in, gems seemed to them mere curious toys of the dilettante, the evidence of coins they never cared to study, even manuscripts were thrown on one side. Classical scholarship was made to consist in an accurate acquaintance with the printed texts of a very few poets, dramatists, orators, and historians. It was usual to pooh-pooh all attempts to illustrate Greek history and Greek art by the Comparative method. Everything but steady attention to certain grammars, to the making of Greek verse, and to the "books" taken up in the Schools, was discouraged and discountenanced. Ten years ago a man might take first classes in the classical schools at Oxford, and never be reminded by tutors or professors that Greece had left any remains, anything to speak of her habits in common life and her achievements in art, except the narrow list of books required by examiners. It appeared to be the orthodox idea that these books had been brought down by a priest of the Muses from the summit of Helicon, and that all the rest of ancient Greece—statues, buildings, inscriptions, coins, utensils, weapons—had been swept away by a deluge. Thus men acquired a singularly narrow and purblind scholarship. What was worse, they were apt to be infected with the orthodox contempt for the study of the material relics of Greece. England had a curious period of unintelligent and narrow-minded scepticism, when students seemed to disbelieve in any results obtained by archaeological methods. They would not listen to accounts of success in translating the inscriptions of Egypt and Assyria. They appeared to

held that science was powerless to assign dates to ancient weapons or works of art. Of museums they said, as Clough said of Rome, "rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit them."

The English Universities and English students in general have awakened out of this sceptical lethargy. It has been acknowledged that there is as much and as authentic history in inscriptions and artistic remains as in written books. It is perceived that the Greek spirit was not a thing which existed for three or four centuries and inspired about a score of orators, philosophers, and poets, but an influence of immense antiquity, of perennial and still living force. "Hellenic Studies" are acknowledged to include in their range objects older than Homer, Byzantine historians, and Romaic popular minstrelsy. The Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies has therefore been founded in England, and seems to be fairly prosperous. The names of the members fill nearly ten closely printed pages. The learned Bishop of Durham is President of the Society; among the Vice-presidents we note the names of Mr. Newton, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Master of Trinity, Cambridge; while not only Mr. Oscar Browning, but also Mr. Oscar Wilde, lend their assistance to the Council. The *Journal* of the Society is, as far as we are aware, the only English periodical exclusively devoted to classical archaeology. Greece, Italy, Russia, France have their archaeological journals, popular or scientific, cheap or expensive and elaborate. England has only to-day started a serial of this sort; but the attempt seems in many ways promising, if not absolutely satisfactory. We do not propose to review all its contents, but a short account of them will show the width of range, the variety, and, generally speaking, the spirit of the collection. The literary matter is presented in a large octavo format of more than three hundred pages. The illustrations, of which we shall have more to say, are printed in a separate folio. This plan has its advantages and its disadvantages. The inconveniently wide page of journals like the *Gazette Archéologique* and the *Portfolio* is avoided. On the other hand, it is not always pleasant to have to turn from the printed volume and hunt through the folio for the illustrations. On the whole, the Society has probably chosen the smaller of two evils. An ideal publication would perhaps be in folio format, the illustrations stitched with the letterpress, which should meander, in lines of the present length, through a vast snowy expanse of margin. Text and pictures would thus be presented together, and yet the text would not have the tediously long lines of the *Portfolio*.

The first article is by Mr. Newton, and to this we propose to return, as it contains a brief and sufficient statement of the purposes and prospects of the Society. Professor Jebb follows with an exhaustive and most interesting paper on the holy Isle of Delos, where the huge fetish stone in the primitive shrine of Apollo has not long ago been discovered. Mr. Jebb thinks that the grotto on Mount Cynthus was a primitive temple, whoever the people may have been that worshipped there, "It shows the very genesis of the early temple from step to step. First an altar in the open air; then a roof to shelter the altar; next, a door to keep out the profane; lastly, a precinct added to the house of the god." Mr. Jebb's article is not less remarkable for the pleasant quality of its style than for the industry of its research and the systematic arrangement of the results of recent French inquiries. Mr. Ramsay, the newly elected travelling scholar in archaeology, contributes learned papers on Smyræan remains and on Pamphylian inscriptions. Mr. Ramsay's work is the first-fruits of a scholarship of recent creation, and he is the accomplished leader of many young Englishmen who, as the years go by, will follow him into Greece and the Levant. Professor Sayce gives some notes of travel in Lycia and the Troad, where he kept a sharp look-out for Hittite and other figures remarkable for wearing boots turned up at the toes. Mr. Murray's paper on the Erechtheum, a very business-like article, is as much too short as Mr. Verrall's philological remarks on "Ionic Elements in Attic Tragedy" are, we fear, too long; and Mr. Verrall's paper is to be continued. Modern Greek life is illustrated by ballads, commented on by Mr. Tozer and Mr. Ramsay. Mr. Percy Gardiner, in a masterly article on the "Tombs of Mycenæ," puts to rout the remarkably flimsy and illogical theories of M. Stephani, who wants to attribute to the Mycænean tombs a Herulian origin, and the date of the third century of our era. One of the most important papers is that in which Professor Colvin discusses the myths about the Centaurs, and the mention of his long and learned essay brings us to the illustrations. These are of very various qualities. The best of all (Plate IV.) is a delicate copy in colours of a very beautiful vase in the British Museum. Chiron, the old Centaur, is receiving the child Achilles as a pupil. The Centaur's dog runs forward to meet the man carrying the infant. A more archaic representation of Centaurs fighting, armed with boughs of trees, is curious and comic in effect. The Society does a service to Greek study by publishing at very considerable cost vases which would otherwise only be known to visitors of our Museum. Many of the little woodcuts in the text, especially the copies of very archaic gems, have a curious interest as illustrations of early Greek notions of the grotesque.

Enough has been said to show the nature and range of the studies of the Society. Vase-painting, sculpture, history, popular poetry, architecture, philology, all receive the attention of capable contributors. We must now turn to Mr. Newton's account of the prospects and purposes of the Society. He refers to that great hope which has inspired so many generations of scholars—the hope that all the missing literature of Hellas is

not lost for ever. It is known that the plays of Menander were in existence down to the time of the Renaissance; and, before the Turks seized the library of the King of Hungary, Brassicanus saw in that place of Paradise (as it seemed to him) the works of Hyperides. The Turks are no lovers of books, and what they stole may have gone the way of the Squire's library, as described by the village wife in Mr. Tennyson's new poem. But Mr. Newton says that "the monasteries of the Levant are full of Greek MSS. which as yet have been very imperfectly restored. Who shall say what interesting matter may be found in these repositories, on which the dust of many centuries has gathered undisturbed?" Mr. Newton has no sanguine hopes of unearthing Greek classics; but "Greek lexicons and scholiasts, full of instruction to the scholar," are not to be despaired of. M. Piron thought he had discovered a wonderful Homer not long ago, but the veteran and short-sighted scholar was mistaken. Biblical and Patristic MSS. are also, Mr. Newton thinks, in the monasteries. The eminent Latinist who, on hearing of a fresh MS. of the New Testament, said, "Ah! if it had only been something important—Cælius, for example!" will be little rejoiced, we fear, by the appearance of a wilderness of Patristic literature. The history of the Frank domination of the Levant is almost certain to be illustrated by records in the libraries of the monasteries. The pursuit of unpublished Greek inscriptions will probably be found less difficult by the Society than the gaining of an entrance into the monasteries of the Levant. At present, any remarks which the traveller may make about MSS. awaken more or less distrust. But Mr. Newton holds that "many doors of monastic libraries, at which ordinary travellers might knock in vain, would open readily if a pressure, a very gentle pressure, were applied by a Greek patriarch." The object of the Society, then, should be to "get at" a patriarch, and then organize a scheme of thorough search in the homes of the monks of the Levant. A thorough search in our college libraries in England would reveal some curious facts about collegiate indifference to books. We can hardly expect the Eastern brethren to know more about their own old libraries than do the Fellows of St. Boniface. When found, the new MSS. will be made a note of, if possible, and published by the Society. It is a non-political body, and many of its members are, no doubt, sympathizers with the gallant but unfortunate Turk. This may render it less easy for the Society to make friends with Greek patriarchs, and so to pursue its labours among the dusty dungeons in which manuscripts lie blue-moulded for want of a publisher. But it is doubtless well, considering the ferocity of temper which everything at all connected with the Eastern question provokes, that the Society for encouraging Hellenic Studies is not a Society for aiding and abetting Hellenic patriots. The Greek Committee and Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., suffice for that end. Indeed the good Society is the staid friend of peace, and would rather send Mr. Oscar Browning out to make a pacific naval demonstration in an outrigger than encourage the firing of a gun within range of the Parthenon and of the Athenian Museum. Thus we may wish all good fortune to a learned and energetic body which has not been founded at all too soon. If we might address a warning to the Society it is to implore it not to spend too many of its guineas in illustrations, while it should by no means contemplate the idea of purchasing and fitting out an æsthetic steam-yacht for the amusement of its idler members.

RES HIBERNICÆ.

ONE of the four Irish Judges who have just drawn up such terrible articles of impeachment against Her Majesty's Ministers observed the other day that the English people were slow to rouse, but that, when they were roused, they were not to be trifled with. It is to be hoped that the latter part of the statement is true; the former certainly is. We do not say that the scandalous condition of things in Ireland is regarded in England with apathy, but it must be obvious that it has hitherto produced far less effect than might have been anticipated. Most of the more important organs of public opinion have indeed, on the whole, spoken as it became them to speak; and, at least in educated and respectable society, difference of political principle is no bar to the existence of an almost entire unanimity of opinion on this point. But, as if to give us another proof that educated and respectable society no longer counts for what it used to count for in England, the general tone of the public meetings of the Liberal party on the subject has been by no means what could be wished. Few speakers, indeed, have equalled the harebrained folly of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in declaring for "separation" in preference to "subjugation," and few audiences have had the opportunity of even pretending approval of this sort of nonsense. But it is remarkable that, with certain honourable exceptions, the unwise and immoral motto of "concession hand in hand with coercion" has been generally propounded, and has generally been received, if not with enthusiasm, at any rate without immediate disapproval. The irresponsible adventurers who have in so many instances taken in the present Parliament the place of better men have thus been encouraged to profess and to adhere to their agreement with it. This being the case, it can be hardly superfluous to state once more a few of the points involved in the matter, and there are two points which at the present moment seem specially to invite such treatment. It is indeed sometimes said by persons whose judgment and opportunities of observation are not contemptible, and who have no party

reasons for depreciating the character of the majority which returned Mr. Gladstone to power, that the English working classes are rather pleased than otherwise at the misfortunes of the Irish landlords, and have no desire to discourage friends. This, however, serious as it is if true, is hardly a matter for discussion. There are two points which do seem to be matters for discussion. The one is the common fallacy, entertained, it is believed, or at least professedly entertained, by members of the Government themselves, and constantly inculcated by Radical organs, that the present anarchy and misrule of Ireland are largely the fault of the orderly classes, or of the magistracy, or of the police. The other is the already mentioned idea, as startling in its immorality as amazing in its want of common political prudence, that coercion and concession must go hand in hand.

The argument as to the supineness of the partisans or officers of the law takes various forms, ranging from not unpleasing fallacy to contentions which can only be the result of the extreme dulness or of deliberate sophistry. It is quite true that there is something at first surprising in the readiness with which persons, some of whom at least must be well-meaning and inoffensive enough, render themselves accessories to the most atrocious crimes. The tenants who rob their landlords at the dictate of an association composed, in the first place at any rate, of a riff-raff of political adventurers, Irish-American rowdies, and priests who wish to recover in this agitation the influence their order lost by its opposition to Fenianism, do not present a very pleasing spectacle. The shopkeepers who refuse to supply, and the labourers who refuse to assist, those who are under the ban of this maleficent but, in its origin at least, insignificant, power do not cut a heroic figure. It may even be said by persons who sit comfortably at English firesides, and sink peacefully to rest at night, prepared to be indignant with the police if they should find in the morning that a flower or two has been stolen out of their front gardens, that the landlords themselves have waited for their fate with a somewhat remarkable passivity. They have, it is said by their foes, attempted no counter-organization; though how counter-organization could stop short of Vigilance Committees—or, indeed, of the full proposal by which poor Mr. Kane drew down such vials of wrath on his head—it is not easy to see. Everybody is indignant, and justly so, at the conduct of the great Steamship Companies, who refused Mr. Bence Jones's cattle, and whose opposition to the embarking of Boycotted beasts was clearly induced by the most selfish and, what is more, shortsighted, cowardice. All this is very well to say. But, in the first place, it seems a little cool to demand from the inhabitants of a professedly civilized country the same rough virtues which are needed in a squatter or trapper of the wilds. Civilized men are trained not to take the law into their own hands, and, as has been already remarked, the proposed activity and counter-organization mean nothing but taking the law into their own hands. At present the Irish loyalist, whatever his rank, is between the devil and the deep sea. If he opposes the commands of the Land League, he will probably be shot, and almost certainly ruined; if he in his turn shoots a Land Leaguer, he will probably be hanged. The recent trials at the Assizes have shown beyond doubt—that indeed every one knew before—that convictions cannot be depended upon against the Land Leaguers, even when the evidence is perfectly clear. Such a case as that of the fellow Manning, who went into the witness-box and denied on his oath that he was intimidated by undoubted intimidation, may be said to render further argument about the sufficiency of the ordinary law unnecessary and childish. The force of terrorism can go no further.

In the face of such things as these, and of the actual outrages which occur from time to time, when every one in Ireland out of the large towns, and even in them if he be obnoxious to the Land League, lies down at night in terror of his life, and wakes in the morning (to use the national idiom) astonished that his throat is not cut, it is sheer nonsense to talk about passivity and absence of organization. The victims are simply terrorized and fascinated. In the case of the half-unwilling participators terrorism accounts for much, self-interest for more. Heroic virtue may induce a man to pay his debts at the risk of his life and fortune, but nothing short of heroic virtue. As to the supposed remissness of the police and the magistrates, it is here that dulness or dishonesty alone can explain the charge. To begin with, what with witnesses who will not give evidence, and juries who will not convict, policemen and magistrates are simply powerless. All the constabulary in Ireland would, moreover, not suffice for the work which the fanatical devotees of the ordinary law would have them to do. But, finally, it must be sun-clear to any one who does not wilfully shut his eyes that the obstinate reluctance of the Government to interfere has paralysed their subordinates. In the United Kingdom the public service is a body corporate, in which influences run very rapidly from the nerve-centre to the extremities. The magistrate or the policeman who acted vigorously with the fact before him that the Castle, and the Castle's masters in London, minimize, disbelieve, pooch-pooch, temporize with the agitation, would be either a hero or a fool. We are ourselves perfectly certain that the ordinary law is not sufficient—that nothing but extraordinary measures will give to witnesses and to juries, and to the great mass of the easily-awayed Irish people, the courage to be on the side of the law instead of on the side of the League. But let us admit for argument's sake that the ordinary law method was worth trying. In that case a really vigorous Government, desirous to put

down and not to nurse the evil, would have done twenty things that Mr. Gladstone's Government has not done. Every sheriff's officer, process-server, and the like would have been accompanied by detachments of armed men, with a promise of indemnity to the commander whatever should happen; every illegally-built house for evicted tenants or League care-takers would have been at once demolished; every attempt to carry crops would have been dispersed by force. Boycotted houses would have had communication opened with the nearest police or military barrack, rations sent in, with soldiers, if necessary, to do pressing work, and an ample escort guaranteed for imported labour—not, as in Captain Boycott's case, as a damper to the enterprise, but as an encouragement to it. A troopship would be sent to take up Boycotted cattle and produce at the ports. In short, a plan which any senior clerk of moderate ability in the Secretary's office could elaborate in a morning, which could be corrected in an afternoon, and set to work next day, would be arranged. Has anything of this sort been done? Clearly, then, the police are simply paralysed by the Government, and the Government alone is to blame.

If, however, this argument about the passivity of the well-meaning classes is untenable and absurd, it is at least not open to the charge of positive immorality. To this the Government plan, as openly avowed by themselves and approved by their authors, is most certainly open. That "concession must accompany coercion" means, in plain language, that the Government is going to sell justice. It will protect the Irish landlords and well-meaning Irishmen of all classes from murder, from outrage, from robbery, if they will pay for it. Otherwise it will not protect them. "We will deny to all men, and delay to all men justice, so long as it suits our purposes," say the Ministers of the Crown; "we will sell it to them when it suits us at the price of a portion of their goods and of the popularity we shall win with the extreme men of our party." This new Magna Charta is not the distorted invention of an opponent; it is the plain, unmistakable meaning of the Government programme. To put upon the same footing the safeguarding of the ordinary rights of citizenship—the right to live unmolested, to enjoy one's own, to buy and sell freely—and the settlement of such a question as the present controversy about the policy or impolicy of the prevalent tenure of land in Ireland, is a moral obliquity so enormous that probably cynics would say none but a Ministry who rode to power on a moral high horse could be guilty of it. Let us again, for the sake of argument, admit that everything which commends itself to respectable English or Irish opinion on the side adverse to the landlords is the fact. Let us go further, and admit that the three *F's* *e celo descendunt*; that absenteeism is not merely a moral wrong, but a civil delinquency, deserving fine; that "duty-work" comes from the devil, and that Griffith's Valuation is a law of nature. There would still remain the unalterable fact that, if any Irishman does not like the land laws, nothing obliges him to take land, and that the matter is a mere matter of freedom of contract or interference with contract. Either may be very desirable, very expedient, but neither can possibly be placed on the same level as the right to life and liberty, the maintenance of which is the final cause of all government—the one sole fact that distinguishes civilization from barbarism, the life of a man from the life of a beast. It is in the confounding of two things so infinitely different that the great error—we do not know why we should not speak plainly and call it the great crime—of the Government policy consists. This conclusion can only need to be clearly and distinctly put before the English people in order to convince them of that crime, unless moral sense and respect for law have taken leave of the nation at once and together.

M. ROCHEFORT AND M. GAMBETTA.

M. ROCHEFORT has learnt, perhaps too late, that it is never safe to stay away from a funeral. Probably he thought that, in neglecting to pay the last honours to M. Joly, he was running no risk to himself. What should the Apostle of the Irreconcilables do at a ceremony where he would necessarily be effaced before M. Gambetta? M. Joly was in favour with the Extreme Left, and to be in favour with the Extreme Left is the worst of all passports to the good will of the Communists. The nearer they seem to be to one another in the eyes of a careless world, the greater is the hostility that really divides them. To the Extreme Left the Communists are the fanatics who frighten people into disliking Radical measures. To the Communists the Extreme Left are the moderate Revolutionists who persuade people that they can get Radical measures without entirely upsetting the existing social order. If M. Rochefort had gone to M. Joly's funeral, he would either have had to remain silent, or to appear at a disadvantage by presenting himself in an arena in which his followers would have been few and M. Gambetta's many. These were excellent reasons for staying away if, unluckily for M. Rochefort, there had not been a still better reason for going. M. Joly had been his counsel at his trial, and as in 1871 to be M. Rochefort's counsel was but a doubtful road to popularity, it might seem that some gratitude was due for the service rendered. Very possibly M. Rochefort did not look at the matter in this light. A man of his temperament is not unlikely to think that, in accepting help, he really confers a favour, and, as it turned out, M. Joly lost nothing by his courage. Probably if M. Gambetta had not had a long-standing

debt to M. Rochefort, which he was only waiting his opportunity to discharge with interest, M. Rochefort's absence from M. Joly's funeral would have passed unnoticed. But M. Gambetta saw his occasion, and a happy inspiration, or an ingenious contributor, supplied the sleeping partner in the *République Française* with a phrase which hit M. Rochefort hard. The article which noticed his ingratitude towards M. Joly described it as *intransigence du cœur*, and it would have been difficult to find words which were better suited to seize the French fancy. Men of M. Rochefort's peculiar gifts can hardly avoid making enemies, even among their reputed friends; and, when once his conduct in regard to M. Joly had been noticed and criticized, it was to be expected that the Communists, who secretly dislike him, would not readily allow M. Gambetta's contribution to the controversy to drop out of recollection. M. Rochefort saw the danger, and attempted to meet it after his accustomed manner. Unluckily for him, M. Gambetta knew more about his relations with M. Joly than M. Rochefort had cared to keep in mind. It did not suit the dignity of the *République Française* to go into all the particulars; but a less important journal stood ready to take up the running. The *Voltaire* has displayed a terrible familiarity with M. Rochefort's acts in 1871; and M. Rochefort's acts in 1871 show plainly that his principal anxiety was that the light of the Commune should not be quenched in his person. No doubt he had very good cause at that time to think that it might be quenched. The unlucky thing is that what seemed natural enough when M. Rochefort was quaking for his life, has quite another air when he is again at the head of a party and is a power to be reckoned with. His emotions in 1871 might have done him little discredit if they had been made public at the time. It is not given to every man to be dignified when he is confidently expecting to be shot. But it is exceedingly unpleasant to have all the palpitations he then underwent revealed to a public before which he has of late been playing the part of the indomitable popular tribune. The orator of the village tavern is sometimes disturbed by his wife's unexpected disclosure of some domestic trait which hardly seems to square with the majesty of his public pretensions, and this is precisely what has happened to M. Rochefort. He seems to have been a little too deferential to M. Joly; but his sins in this respect have been effaced by the more tremendous guilt of his prostration before M. Gambetta. The *Voltaire* followed up its attack by the publication of a letter which M. Rochefort wrote to M. Gambetta in July 1871.

It must be admitted that in this document M. Rochefort is presented as a very much milder person than he has of late wished to appear. In describing himself as a Communist, he has really been laying claim to honours which do not rightly belong to him. He assures M. Gambetta, not only that he took no part in the excesses of the Commune, but that from the first day to the last he never ceased to protest against them. Five or six prisoners owed their lives to his intervention, and the only reason why he did not save more was that his humanity had become too well known to allow of his intercession being listened to. Indeed, his own life was very far from being safe. The propriety of arresting him was continually under discussion among the members of the Commune, and his remonstrance against the "shocking decree" to which the hostages owed their death was very nearly fatal to him. As to the charge that he suggested the destruction of M. Thiers's house, it is the very opposite of the truth. All he did was to beseech the Communists not to destroy it. In point of fact, he was an unrecognized agent of the Versailles Government, doing his unnoticed best to see that things did not go from bad to worse. He tells all this to "Mon cher Gambetta" in order to show that he may intercede for him with a clear conscience. He has great influence with M. Thiers; will he not use it to get M. Rochefort's sentence watered down to perpetual banishment? He never wishes to trouble himself about politics again; a peaceful literary retreat in England or Italy is all that he cares for. There he will devote himself to the completion of a History of the Second Empire, which is already bespoken, and France shall hear no more of him.

Just before the publication of this letter M. Rochefort had gone to the office of the *Voltaire*, and had insisted on clearing himself of the charge of ingratitude towards M. Joly. In the course of his interview with the editor, M. Rochefort had taken a line which showed that he must have completely forgotten that he had ever committed such compromising revelations to paper. It was not true, he said, that he had made any efforts to get his sentence commuted. On the contrary, he had expressly forbidden his sisters to make any such efforts. If they did make them, it would be under the penalty of never seeing their brother again. As to M. Joly's part in his defence he had been amply paid for it in money, and overpaid for it in reputation. He did not manage the case at all well, and it was the foundation of his political fortune. Still, M. Rochefort bore him no malice, and would even have gone to his funeral had he not been afraid that it would injure the circulation of his paper. As to the omission from this paper of any word of regret for M. Joly's death, M. Rochefort accounts for it by his being kept away from the office for two days, during which his contributors, being all of them returned convicts, could not bring themselves to be civil to a man who had twice voted against the amnesty. If M. Rochefort had known of the document which was then in type somewhere in the *Voltaire* office, he might have spared himself this interview. All he had been accused of as regards M. Joly was an exaggerated love of life. The letter to M. Gambetta proved that, in order to gratify this passion, M. Rochefort

was quite willing to throw his companions overboard. Now that he is once more in the same boat with them this is a quality which they are not likely to admire, and M. Rochefort is proportionately anxious to clear himself of the reproach. He denies that the letter expressed his real mind, or that it was ever sent to M. Gambetta. It was simply the offspring of M. Joly's ill-regulated zeal for his client's safety. The advocate had come one day into the prisoner's cell, and had bidden him write a letter from his dictation. M. Rochefort obeyed, but as soon as it was furnished he pointed out to M. Joly that *le fou furieux* was the worst possible person to apply to when M. Thiers was in question. Indeed, it was only M. Joly's youth and inexperience that made such a suggestion possible. "All that Gambetta could do for me," said M. Rochefort, "would be to get me executed a fortnight earlier." M. Joly was convinced by this reasoning, but oddly enough did not destroy the letter. That remained in his bag, and was there, M. Rochefort says, a fortnight later. Even then, however, it was not destroyed; and from that time it has gone wandering about the property of no one until it is now published in the *Voltaire*. It must have taken all M. Rochefort's childlike innocence to have allowed a document which, if seen, would give so false a notion of his position towards the Commune to pass out of his possession. Even if he had carried out his intention of giving up politics, and playing the part of the peaceful historian in a foreign land, it would have been rash to leave a letter of this kind in his own handwriting entirely to the mercy of fortune. M. Rochefort would never have been quite without enemies, even if he had exchanged journalism for literature; and, in the hands of an enemy, such a letter would constitute an incalculable advantage. M. Gambetta, however, who ought to know something about it, says positively that the letter in question was sent to him in July 1871, and that he immediately used his influence with M. Thiers in M. Rochefort's favour. The *République Française* further mentions that when M. Rochefort made his escape in 1874, M. Gambetta raised 25,000 francs for his support and transmitted it to Sydney. These statements have been borne out by the discovery of another compromising letter from M. Rochefort—this time addressed to General Trochu—and the general impression in Paris is that M. Rochefort is hopelessly beaten. Whether this will prove to be correct it is difficult to say. The Communists can hardly trust him any longer; but, then, the peculiar influence which he exercises is not one into which trust largely enters. If the Commune were again trying its fortunes in open fight, younger men than M. Rochefort would come to the front. The Commune does not want his sword; but, as yet, it has not been able to dispense with his pen. His writing may not be all that it once was, and though M. Gambetta has supplied him with material for some happy observations, the general order of things under the Republic is less favourable to his peculiar skill than the general order of things under the Empire. But M. Rochefort's articles have become historical, and a certain portion of the Paris public would hardly feel happy without them. If this affair with M. Gambetta is likely to leave M. Rochefort without followers, it may not decrease his subscribers, and from some points of view a subscription is the best test of devotion.

THE VALUE OF SIGNBOARDS.

THE story of Dick Tinto, who defrays his hotel bills by painting a new signboard for mine host, has been a commonplace in literature for a sufficient time. But we do not know that it has ever occurred to anybody to supplement it by a legend to the effect that, Dick's works having gone up in the market, a fierce competition for his signboards took place. The truth is that the usual characteristics of signboards are scarcely calculated to display the powers of St. Luke's followers, and that the works of art in question are ordinarily subjected to such severe atmospheric trials that whatever merit they possess is not, under ordinary circumstances, likely to last out the period necessary to turn an unknown painter into a hero of Christie's. The curious case of the Bettws-y-Coed signboard, however, which has now occupied two courts of law—a County Court and the Court of Bankruptcy—shows, among other things, that it is quite possible to entertain artistic angels unawares. It is true that the example in question was not obtained in barter for subsistence, nor was it in any way extorted from the necessities of the painter by the pressure of the *mauvais quart d'heure*. Still there are plenty of ways of obtaining sketches of which a wily landlord, and still more a landlady, could avail him or herself; and, considering the whole matter, it may be laid down that any Boniface of sense who inhabits a picturesque neighbourhood will do well to coax signboards out of his visitors as frequently as he can.

Law and art do not seem to have much to do with one another; yet they not unfrequently combine to supply interesting incidents, and still more interesting problems, to the observant mind. Putting aside the great and famous doctrine of copyright in ideas, there is the very intricate and pleasing question whether a painter, jealous of his reputation, is justified in impounding and destroying forged works attributed to him; the question whether Berlin wool-work is a sufficiently artful method of imitation to make its patterns an infringement of the rights of authorship; and several others, all of recent mootings. But this signboard case is perhaps the most dramatic of all, if not the most appetizing in its provision of legal

nicities. The board in question was not a Blue Lion or a Pig and Whistle, nor even the well-known "collection of fabulous animals," the latter of which, indeed, offers some temptation to an artist who should treat it in the Byzantine manner. It was a Royal Oak, an obviously suggestive subject, and the painter was no less a person than David Cox. It was painted in 1847, and as the port wine of that year was to other port wine, so apparently were its signboards to other signboards. Cox appears to have painted the thing merely out of friendship for the then tenant of the hotel. It is needless to say that in 1847 three thousand pounds had not yet been paid for any picture of his, and that he was still a member of what may be called the pre-silver-fork school. The landlord at the time of painting was a certain Edwin Roberts, and the signboard was undoubtedly painted for him. Nevertheless, he seems, or his heirs seem, to have attached no particular value to it, and it was left, though the tenancy of the hotel changed, to announce the building to which it was attached as one that provided good entertainment for man and beast. Twenty years of outside life in this climate would not as a rule conduce to the beauty of a painting; but it would appear that the sign was not one of the swinging variety, but was fastened against the wall by holdfasts, and may therefore be presumed to have been sheltered from the weather by the eaves of the house. At any rate, in 1866 certain artists who then lodged in the house, which was being altered, suggested that the thing was too precious to be left in this condition. It was accordingly brought in, framed, and screwed to the wall of the entrance hall of the hotel. How many tenants entered upon the enjoyment of it during the thirty and three years which have passed since its execution we cannot say, but certainly more than one; and no out-going tenant seems to have thought himself entitled, or considered it worth his while, to remove it. At last misfortune came upon the "Royal Oak," and its late tenant became bankrupt. The scent of creditors, liquidators, assignees, trustees, and such-like folk after valuable property is proverbial, and the bankrupt's representatives claimed the picture as a chattel divisible (let us hope not in the literal sense) among the creditors. The tenant may be presumed to be indifferent about the matter, but the tenant's landlord (the feminine is in this sense *verbum inusitatum*), Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, did not contemplate the abstraction of the chief ornament of her property with such calmness. The picture could not of course be claimed as a fixture, because the holdfasts with which it was originally attached to the outer wall, and the screws with which it was subsequently attached to the inner, fall under the head of those fastenings which, in its infinite wisdom and care for small things as well as great, English law decides to be usable without constituting fixtures. The only claim, therefore, that could be set up was that the picture was a sort of heirloom; that it was painted for the hotel; had been assumed and given up with the hotel by successive tenants; and was, in fact, part and parcel of the essence of the "Royal Oak." The County Court Judge decided in this sense; but Sir J. Bacon, the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, has reversed the decision, and has decided that David Cox's signboard was "as much Roberts's property as the coat on his back." If he left an old coat in a cupboard in his room—we presume the Judge argued in this way—it would not have become Lady Willoughby d'Eresby's property; neither did the picture.

The mysteries of bankruptcy in all its arrangements and appurtenances are acknowledged to be things which even the legal mind cannot understand though it loves, and which the layman can neither love nor understand. The latter person in the present case would probably have felt inclined to decide in favour of Lady Willoughby d'Eresby. For, as the tenancy had changed without, as far as was shown, any claim being made by the outgoing tenant for the picture, or any sum being paid by the incoming one for the enjoyment thereof, it certainly would seem as if the signboard were generally understood to be an appurtenance of the hotel, and, as such, subject to be transferred *en bloc* with it to whomsoever, and from whomsoever, might be the occupier. Sir J. Bacon remarked with great truth that signs were going out. They are, and more's the pity. There are few persons who would not exchange the things of which the signless hotel is significant—the over-decorated coffee-room, and the German waiters, and the electric bells which won't ring, and all the rest of it—for the things which the signboard used to promise, and very frequently to perform. However, though signboards are going out, there are still plenty of them left. It would have been interesting to have had fuller information on the subject of them than appears to have been laid either before Sir J. Bacon or before the County Court Judge. What is the usual status of a "Red Lion"? Is he the exclusive property of the tenant or of the landlord? Might an unsuccessful or eated publican take his Lion away with him, unhooking it from its perch to comfort him on his retirement to private life? According to Sir J. Bacon he might. But, whatever be the abstract rights of the case, it would, we say, be interesting to know the usual practice. Besides, there seems to be a point of great subtlety, which was entirely overlooked. According to the witnesses, David Cox painted his "Royal Oak" on the existing signboard of the hotel. We ought, therefore, to be informed what the position of that signboard itself was, whether it was let to Roberts, or was his property, and whether, if he had been inclined to take the same view of his rights as Sir J. Bacon, he would have had to perform the perilous, though possible, process of removing the Coxian layer from the substratum that was not Coxian. However all these things may be, it is quite clear that Sir J. Bacon's decision is a godsend for tenants.

All sorts of unconsidered trifles left kicking about in a house should be carefully treasured, inasmuch as it appears they do not become the absolute property of the landlord nor remain that of the outgoing tenant, but belong to the fortunate incomer. This is a doctrine of tenant-right which ought to be put to silence and shame the importunate persons who complain that in England all things are done in the interest of the freeholder. And it may be admitted that the creditors of the late landlord of the "Royal Oak" are very lucky people.

The transformation of a thing so valueless that nobody seems to have cared to determine to whom it belonged into one so valuable that it is worth going through costly processes of law to decide its ownership is only a fresh illustration of an old peculiarity of the painter's lot. Mr. Ruskin has inveighed, after his manner, against those who give thousands of pounds for dead men's work and won't give hundreds or tens for the work of men living. Of course the answer is easy enough. The value of a thing, in money at least, is what it will fetch, and what it will fetch is determined by conditions which neither buyer nor seller can fix arbitrarily, or at his own pleasure. The problem what the "Royal Oak" was worth in 1847 is one which political economy is unable to solve. Nor does the rival science of aesthetics help us much. Aesthetically the value of a picture, or anything else, is to be found in the pleasure it gives the owner. Who will construct a hedonometer for us which shall give the exact values in coin of the realm of a '47 signboard and a bottle of '47 port? Certainly none such has been hitherto constructed. In default of it, there seems nothing to be done but to take things as we find them, which is indeed the general conclusion of the philosopher. This, however, does not prevent the philosopher from wishing that some such stroke of good luck would fall to his lot as that which has befallen in this case nobody in particular, except, as has been said, the creditors of the late landlord of the "Royal Oak." Lady Willoughby d'Eresby is to be pitied; but it cannot be doubted that all sensible solicitors who draw up leases between landlords in one sense of the word and landlords in the other will insert henceforward a special covenant relating to signboards. As for the "Royal Oak," it may be suggested that it be called the "Late Royal Oak," or have its name changed altogether, in memory of the catastrophe. Of a signboard it is probably in no need, and therefore a successor to Cox need not apply. The whole thing, at any rate, will add a chapter to any future "Anecdotes of Painting" that may be compiled, as well as a useful clause to the "Cabinet Lawyer" and other manuals intended for the use of those members of the profession who have fools for their clients. Considering the usual habits and peculiarities of the British tourist, it would be by no means surprising if it also added, at least during next season, to the number of visitors at the "Royal Oak." To go and see the place where this remarkable signboard is no longer would be exactly the sort of thing in which such a tourist takes a pious and intelligent pleasure. In this way the incoming tenant, though no doubt disappointed, will be in a way consoled for the loss of David Cox's much disputed work of art.

THE JUDENHETZE.

WE took occasion not long ago to comment on the present "anti-Semitic" agitation in Germany, which is no doubt mainly due to other, and less respectable, considerations than religious antipathy; though there is probably a certain admixture of *odium theologicum*, at least in South Germany, where the influence of Jews on the newspaper press is supposed to be exerted in an anti-Christian or anti-Catholic direction, and is in some quarters bitterly resented. Herr Stöcker indeed the other day, addressing a meeting of working-men at Berlin on the subject, called the press "a Satanic power." The *Judenhetze* however, under whatever variety of forms, is a phenomenon as old as Christianity, though it might seem at first sight hardly in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel. And it is fair to remember that in the darkest times of persecution Popes and Saints have stood forward to shelter the hated race from popular ferocity. Thus *e.g.* in the crusade of 1146, when a frightful massacre of Jews broke out in Cologne, Mentz, Spire, Worms, and Strasburg, St. Bernard threw the whole of his vast influence into the breach, though it required the full weight even of his sanctity and eloquence to stem the tide of popular passion. "God," he told the fanatics, "had punished the Jews by dispersion, and it was not for man to punish them by murder." When again, amid the horrors of the Black Death in Germany two centuries later, the plague was ascribed to the Jews and great numbers of them were put to death, Clement VI. made a noble effort to dispel the illusion. Several other Popes, before and since, have interfered in their favour, and his kindness to the Jews is a redeeming feature even in the career of Alexander VI. It has of late been the fashion with a certain class of religionists to rush into the very opposite extreme, and represent "the chosen people" as still the peculiar favourites of heaven; there was something of this sentiment, we fancy, mixed up with the working of the abortive Jerusalem bishopric scheme. And at this very moment the Jews are the subject of two opposite crazes, not equally innocuous, but almost equally irrational. While they are denounced and almost persecuted in Germany they are petted in England by a clique of harmless fanatics, who, with strange disregard to the most

obvious indications of character and physiognomy, are pleased to identify the English people with the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. It has even been elaborately argued that "the stone which was Jacob's pillar"—after a marvellous series of transigrations, to which "the Flitting of the Holy House of Loretto" scarcely offers any adequate parallel—was conveyed first to Seone, and then by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey, and is the identical stone on which Queen Victoria was crowned, and moreover that Her Majesty is "a lineal descendant and inheritor of the throne of David." Moreover Lord Beaconsfield is shown, by an application of Messianic passages in Isaiah and elsewhere which we should hardly care to obtrude on our readers, to have held and to be destined to hold again a special place in prophecy as Prime Minister of England. But over these curious fancies we cannot linger now; those who care to learn any further particulars of the "Anglo-Israelite" controversy will find it ably discussed in a pamphlet by Mr. Wray Savile on *Anglo-Israelism and the Great Pyramid*. Our present object is rather to indicate the way in which the Jews have been habitually regarded from a very early period of Christian history. There is a familiar story of a sailor who was found unmercifully beating a Jew on a Good Friday, and who met the remonstrances of his astonished victim by observing that "the Jews had crucified his Saviour." "But that," replied the other, "was eighteen hundred years ago." "Possibly," said the Christian, without desisting from his cudgelling, "but I have only just heard of it." And Christians during many centuries seem to have acted on the assumption that the Jews of their own day were somehow personally responsible for the Crucifixion.

On the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, when the civil power, hitherto employed against the Church, was first turned against her enemies, the Jews were among the earliest victims of persecution. There had been a Judaizing heretical movement in the Church, and the Jews moreover were accused of stoning Christian converts from their own body. The penalty of death by fire was decreed against this crime, and apostasy of Christians to Judaism was to be punished by confiscation of goods. It must be borne in mind that under the Pagan Empire the Christians had been regarded as a Jewish sect, and had thus incurred all the odium which the Jews, not altogether without cause, had drawn on themselves at Rome, in addition to their unpopularity as Christians, while at the same time a much larger measure of toleration was in fact accorded to the Jews, by whom they were themselves hated with a bitter hatred as traitors and apostates. Justin Martyr complains that the Jews laboured with unwearied assiduity to stir up the passions of the Pagan multitude against them. All this helps to explain, though not to excuse, the bitterness of Christians against their old assailants when the tables were turned. In Spain, where the course of events which identified Catholic orthodoxy with national sentiment made the Inquisition exceptionally popular, there were also special historical reasons for the detestation of Judaism, and the burning of Jews became a cherished public spectacle. There is still extant a striking picture by Francesco Rizzi of a grand *auto da fé* of Jews and Jewesses at Madrid, as late as 1680, during the marriage festivities of Charles II., in presence of the whole Court and clergy of the capital. The Jews however were not simply the victims of an unreasoning prejudice. They were very early noted as slave dealers, and one of the first, and most justifiable, measures directed against them was the emancipation of their Christian slaves, which is enjoined by the Theodosian Code. In the ninth century however Agobard still complained of the number of Christian slaves bought up by the Jews. The dislike to them was aggravated by the fact of their being during the earlier part of the middle ages almost the only usurers—a profession which they embraced partly of course for the enormous profits they derived from it, but partly also because it was the only one open to them. When however in consequence of the Crusades, Latin Christians were brought into closer and friendly relations with Greeks and Mahometans, and the rise and growth of a commercial class followed, this new experience led them gradually to look with more toleration on their old enemies, the Jews. But the legislation against them was for centuries terribly severe, the great object being to cut them off from all intercourse with Christians. The Council of Elvira in Constantine's reign forbade all communication between the two classes; the Lateran Council ordered Jews to wear a distinctive dress; they were not to eat, or bathe, or enter into any partnership—still less of course to intermarry—with Christians; any Christian who took a Jewess for his mistress was by the legislation of the thirteenth century condemned to be burnt alive; Jewish criminals till the fourteenth century were hung between two dogs with their heads downwards. It was held that their property might at any time be lawfully confiscated, as being gained by usury, and the permission, first tacitly and then expressly accorded to them, to practise usury was only justified on the ground that their salvation was already hopeless. Their final expulsion from Spain was due to the influence of Torquemada. They offered 30,000 ducats for permission to remain, but he overcame Queen Isabella's hesitation by reminding her that "Judas sold his God for thirty pieces of silver, and she was about to sell Him for thirty thousand." But the national detestation for them which had again and again found expression in wholesale massacres in various Spanish cities made it practically impossible for them to remain. Numbers, who had been converted against their will, relapsed into Judaism and were burnt alive. The number of exiles is variously estimated, by

Mariana at 800,000, by Cardoso at only 120,000; probably those who place it at about 400,000 are nearer the mark. A considerable number escaped banishment by a feigned conversion.

A yet harder trial awaited the hated race. The exiles had been promised a refuge in Portugal, and some 80,000 accordingly settled there, but the King was persuaded to break his word, and all the adults were expelled, while children under fourteen were seized to be brought up as Christians. It was only indeed through the intervention of Rome that any were eventually allowed to escape, for by a disgraceful fraud those who had been ordered to quit the country were detained and reduced to slavery. We have spoken already of the industrial activity of the Jews, which made them almost indispensable to the Christian community, and secured them a fair share of toleration in the Italian Republics, where they were suffered to practise usury and medicine unmolested. But they were not only the ablest physicians and financiers of the day; they also took the lead in literature and natural science. That a large portion of their literature was controversial and directed against Christianity did not of course make them more acceptable to their Christian fellow citizens; but the position of influence they contrived to maintain throughout against such fearful odds was due as well to the literary as to the commercial capacity which distinguished them above their Christian contemporaries. Spain to this day has never recovered the effects of their expulsion. The widespread animosity felt against them in Germany at this moment is quite as much a proof of their unabated energy as of their still being apt to use their successes not wisely but too well. Nor can we forget that it is only within very recent memory, and against strenuous opposition from many different quarters, that they have attained political emancipation in England, and that there are probably still very many Englishmen who think—even if they hesitate openly to assert—that their emancipation was a mistake. We are certainly not going to endorse the startling and somewhat unintelligible theories of the future of Judaism broached in *Tancred* or in the closing chapters of George Eliot's *Theophrastus*. But it can hardly be denied that the distinct and persistent vitality of the Jewish people, maintained through some fifteen centuries of unexampled obloquy and oppression, is a phenomenon at least as singular as the antipathy which in some shape or other they appear always to have attracted to themselves from the days of Suetonius and Juvenal to our own.

LONG-RANGE INFANTRY FIRE.

A CONTROVERSY of very great importance has proceeded now for some time, both at home and abroad, between advocates of what is known as "long-range infantry fire" and others who would restrict the employment of the rifle to ranges where ordinary eyesight is better able to distinguish the mark, and the weapon itself more likely to attain it. The former would utilize the long reach of the arm to the utmost; the latter would rather reserve fire—or, at any rate, intensity of fire—till the moment when the power of the arm can be expended with, as they allege, greater immediate, as also greater ultimate, results. The question is not altogether so simple as may at first sight appear. Some may perhaps be ready to exclaim, "By all means fire away as soon as the enemy is within reach, and continue shooting at him; the more shots you fire the greater the chance of hitting; the longer he is under fire the more loss he will suffer." The question is, however, complicated by certain considerations, physical and moral, which demand examination. We are not concerned here to advocate either view, but rather desire to ascertain, after a balancing of arguments, if it may not be possible to reconcile opposing convictions on intermediate ground. We had occasion to remark incidentally in a recent article that British infantry having from mediæval times, as history attests, known better perhaps than any other how to use their weapons on a field of battle, whether those weapons have been long-bow or cross-bow, sword or lance, musket or rifle, there is *a priori* reason for believing that no mechanical improvement in arms can be otherwise than advantageous to them. It must certainly be allowed that a stage has been reached when it is incumbent on us to examine carefully what new opportunities perfected arms afford us, and what obligations they impose upon us. There is only one reservation to be made, which is that we are not logically bound to come to the same conclusions that other nations do; tactics which may suit others are not therefore necessarily the best for ourselves.

Advocates of long-range infantry fire have found an able exponent and champion of their theory in Captain W. H. James, R.E., in an article which appeared in the May number of the *Journal of the United Service Institution*. It is there laid down that the two important lessons taught by late wars, and "which have been deeply taken to heart by all European military leaders," are:—1. "The value of long-range infantry fire, by which alone the true advantages of the modern rifle are gained." 2. "The necessity for increased power and accuracy in our guns, and the need of a powerful shrapnel." We are then told that in the next war there will be seen the systematic use of wide-sweeping infantry fire, and that the modern battlefield will be more or less under bullet fire from rifles and shrapnel shell up to a range of 3,000 yards. In other words, men will begin to ply their fire at the very furthest point where a bullet will kill, maim, or frighten. Our readers are aware that all

military rifles are provided with graduating sights up to a certain definite distance, which differs with particular arms. Thus the Austrian *Werndl* is sighted up to 1,100 yards, the Prussian *Mausier* to 1 mile, the French *Gras* to $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Beyond those ranges the soldier, in default of a flying-sight attached to the fixed one, must trust to his eye and judgment—guides, all will allow, very liable to err, and peculiarly so in the heat of battle. At the very long distances, to enable the bullet to travel so far, the rifle must be pointed high up into the sky, and the missile describes in its course a vast curve. The greater the curve the nearer to the vertical is the fall of the bullet, and therefore the smaller the area of its potential destructiveness. The flatter a trajectory—that is, the less the arc described by a bullet, and the straighter its course—the greater the danger for all in the direction of its flight. At the longer ranges, then, the zone of danger is limited to a length of a few feet, and it is within this zone the soldier must make his bullet take effect. But the eye and judgment of the shooter cannot unfortunately do much in assisting the missile. Even at 1,000 yards a company begins to look, for all who have not keen sight, much like a kind of low hedge or bank, though at that distance ordinary marksmen would account for it in a very short time; but even at less than a mile a battalion in quarter column looks no more than a company at the former range; and even then, we are not arrived at what some of the advocates of long-range fire mean by the term. At 1,800 yards a company appears as a dot, and at 2,200 yards a battalion in quarter column not much larger, though a great deal depends on the kind of light and the nature of the country. But, even if the eye, by clearly discerning the mark, could give that assistance which it certainly does not, what of the judgment which is to estimate the correct distance? Even at the comparatively small range of 800 yards, an error of only some 25 yards too much or too little will cause the marksman to miss an infantry soldier standing up. Those who have been present with companies when judging distance know how poor is the general result after 500 or 600 yards, if the instructor is adroit in placing the object in different lights and continually shifting its position. At present our men have not one-quarter the practice they ought to be given in this extremely important exercise. So little confidence have they in their own capacity for judging accurately, that they are always found looking for some landmarks, whose distance has been ascertained, to serve as a guide. If a small error entails a miss at 800 yards, how much more when that range is doubled and trebled! And, if it is not easy to judge closely on known ground and oft-trodden ranges, it will be vastly more difficult to do so in broken country, on a new theatre, across dips in ground, over long slopes, when the object is ever so far away and perhaps constantly in motion. But, allowing that, by frequent practice, the aid of acoustic telemeters, and scientific range-finders, a fair estimate is obtainable even at the further distances, there still remains the adjusting of an imaginary sight; and those who may have seen the curious practice the French made at Châlons some years ago when using a broad thumb for backsight at ranges over 500 yards, will not put too much faith in what can be done in battle at four times five hundred yards with no sight at all, even with the best existing rifle.

Before going further we will briefly refer to the chief instances where long-range infantry fire unquestionably did great execution. When the Prussian Guard commenced their movement at the battle of Gravelotte against St. Privat, they were distant from this village about 2,500 yards. The advance being plainly made out by the French infantry in possession, the latter began to fire, and so murderous was the execution that the enemy were brought to a halt when scarcely within replying distance of their own arm. The severest loss was experienced in the interval between 1,700 and 700 yards. In the Russian attack upon the Turks at Gorni-Dubniak their advancing columns began to feel the effects of infantry fire when still a mile and a half away. When they got a quarter of a mile nearer, bullets swept the columns like a hail-storm, more or less partial, and between three-quarters of a mile and half the fire became inconceivably violent, causing enormous losses. In every action the Turks began to fire away as fast as they could the moment the enemy came within the extreme reach of their weapon, and the Russian columns lost severely in consequence. The French in their war were somewhat more sparing of ammunition; nevertheless the tactics they pursued with such success at St. Privat were repeated in subsequent actions, and it was remarked by the Prussians that they suffered sensibly more at the longer than at the shorter ranges. At first sight it would seem, then, that the best course for infantry to pursue in the future is to imitate these tactics, to open fire at the furthest possible reach, and to continue the fire regardless of expenditure in ammunition. That arm must be procured which, having due regard to lowness of trajectory, can carry furthest, be discharged and reloaded quickest; and it will be the first care of a general to provide for instant and constant use an unlimited supply of cartridges. The Turks carried on their persons, or had at hand, cartridges enough to allow of each man firing all through a battle as much as he pleased. The Russian soldier has on or by him 120 cartridges, which is more than any other European soldier has; but it is plain that, if battles are to be fought on the above conditions, 120 cartridges per man are insufficient for the necessities of the case.

Now let us make an observation on the circumstances of the engagements referred to. At St. Privat the Prussians advanced in two brigades, offering each a magnificent mark; their inferior

weapon did not admit of return fire. The attack of the French Cuirassiers at Wörth has often been spoken of as "magnificent, but not war"; the Prussian attack of St. Privat was not one whit less contrary to every sane principle of modern war. It is, indeed, necessary that we British should be careful how we imitate others without due consideration. Here we see the most scientific generals in Europe, leading the most instructed troops, conducting an action in such a way that we should assuredly have tried, and deservedly tried, one of our own chiefs by court-martial had he gone to work in the same way, and led the Brigade of Guards to certain destruction. No wonder the French saw their opportunity; no wonder they launched bullets to their extreme reach! To our mind, the results of the action at St. Privat convey no new lesson, and the same may be said of that at Gorni-Dubniak, where the Turks, desecrating huge columns of the enemy advancing as if to parade, naturally set to work as hard as they could to destroy them. In this case also the attacking troops had an inferior weapon, with which reply was impossible till they drew near.

The fact is, at present there is little but theory to go upon. And what we want theory to tell us is not what effects were wrought under conditions which will not be repeated, but what will be the probable results when battles are fought on new principles. No war has yet been seen where the combatants were equally well armed. There has been no fight where both combatants could give the rein to long-range fire. It has yet to be seen how, under the hitherto unexperienced pressure of powerful guns using most formidable shrapnel up to 4,000 yards, attacking tactics will undergo modification. We shall see, if one, then both sides playing at long-range with rifles, and shrapnel taking effect beyond any possible rifle reach. Is it probable that battles will ever be decided even by shrapnel at long ranges? If not, how should the result be brought about by the missile which at those distances is, as it were, held within the grasp of the other? We agree with Colonel C. B. Brackenbury when he says, "By the French *chassepôt* men were killed at 1,600, 1,800, and 2,000 yards; but no battle has been, or ever can be, decided by such shooting as this." It is quite another question, however, when we come to consider the utility of employing long-range fire by infantry.

And here it may be well to set out the principal objections urged against it. We borrow them from a paper by Captain James on the subject of musketry, published in 1878. Objection 1. Long-range fire is not so effective as is supposed, the proportion of hits to misses being very great; and it follows, therefore, that it is better to reserve fire for ranges where the proportion is more favourable. 2. It would be impossible to keep up the necessary supply of ammunition, and, consequently, there would very likely be a dearth of cartridges at the decisive moment of the struggle. 3. The employment of long-range fire would be the death of the spirit of the offensive. 4. The large columns and other widely spread-out objects against which this species of fire is thought to be so very effective, are less and less seen on the battle-field.

Space will only allow of our observing generally upon the above arguments. The chief point in the question turns upon the deduction from Objection 1—That, on account of the alleged disproportion between shots and hits at long ranges, it is better to reserve fire. A point might be reached at which it would be absurd to employ rifle-fire. We presume that not even the most extreme advocates would have British infantry blazing away in Turkish fashion. The French *Gras* may be made, by giving the rifle its highest elevation, to send a bullet a little over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; but their Regulations lay down that, in preparing an attack, skirmishers may begin to reply to an enemy's fire at about 900 yards; the French do not appear very sanguine as to results obtainable much further off. "It is possible," they say, "under certain circumstances, to obtain a useful effect up to the furthest limits of the sight—i.e. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, or even to the extreme range of the rifle, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles." Again, "large masses of troops or a battery may be fired at up to 1,100 yards." In Austria it is laid down that the "decisive stage of an infantry fight lies within a distance of 500 yards from the enemy, within which range an effective fire can be obtained. Nevertheless, circumstances will often permit considerable results to be obtained up to ranges of 1,200 yards." But "fire at long range is nevertheless to be regarded as exceptional, and to be employed only against extensive objects." In Prussia it is laid down that "to get a good effect against objects more than 770 yards distant requires a large expenditure of ammunition, and if it is to be quickly attained, a proportionately large number of men must be employed. Under certain circumstances, however, a good effect against large objects such as batteries and closed bodies of troops may be obtained up to 1,320 yards." In neither of the above quotations do we find a sanguine estimate expressed of great results ordinarily attainable at very far ranges. Rather, in all the Regulations it is sought to impress upon men the necessity of accurate shooting at moderate distances, where alone the ultimate issue can be decided.

But Captain James says:—"The bloody fields around St. Privat and Plevna have taught the lesson that it is the mass-fire of troops, and not that of individuals, that is to be dreaded. Once this is admitted, it follows that the *oftener men fire the more deadly will the result be*, and hence long-range infantry fire, which is the natural expression of the fact that, although at long ranges one man may not hit the man he fires at, still he may hit another, and that, when a certain number of men fire at a given object, some are perfectly sure to

hit the mark." We confess to being unable to make these deductions from the premises. That mass-firing, controlled volley-firing by companies, battalions, or brigades, would be attended on occasion with excellent effects, even at extreme ranges, is not to be denied; and in some of the Regulations it is expressly stated that good results can only be expected at much more moderate ranges when volley-firing by numbers is employed; but we quite fail to see why "the oftener men fire the more deadly will be the result." It does not follow at all. If it did, we are wrong in not getting the Soper rifle at once, "from which 43 well-aimed shots have been fired in a minute." But all experience goes to prove that better results, unless exceptionally as at St. Privat, follow upon moderate expenditure of ammunition, well directed, than upon excessive intensity of fire at extreme ranges. In a certain degree it may be true that, "though a man may not hit the man he fires at, still he may hit another," and that when many shoot at a given object some will hit it. But no man, unless gifted with eagle sight, can aim at another at the ranges we are supposing, simply because he cannot see him. It is ludicrous to talk of aiming at a person a mile off. Even with fair glasses, a line of skirmishers in a field looks like scattered crows. And a man aiming at a company column aims at what to his appreciation is one single dot, which is entirely missed if there be but a hair's breadth of latitudinal error in aim, not to speak of the immense margin open to vertical error. The chances are, of course, that, if five hundred men aim a volley at a mark, some will hit it at whatever distance; but the number of hits must largely depend on exact knowledge of the range. In some armies volleys at the same object are delivered with different sights, so that if one lot of shots falls short and another passes beyond, the centrally-sighted aim may tell. No doubt by this method a deep space of ground is covered, and we are far from denying that occasional circumstances of battle may not only justify but demand mass-fire, with all the waste of ammunition it must entail. This is, however, scarcely the point in question; rather we are concerned to ascertain which is the truer position, that "the oftener men fire the more deadly the result will be," or that it is better to reserve fire for decisive distances. Again we may inquire if it is not possible to hit a happy medium? That the steadiness, the *morale*, of troops—of all troops—is shaken by shooting wildly at uncertain and excessive ranges has been repeatedly proved. The explanation is mainly this—that they get to believe that the issue is being decided far away, that a decisive moment has arrived before it really does arrive; so that when the real encounter comes off, and the enemy is perceived to be only beginning, there is a feeling that, having failed to beat him with their best, they are not likely to fare better with what is left. When the Prussians, profiting by the earlier lessons, became more wary in their method of approach and were able to get near the enemy, they found their losses diminish just where they should have proportionately increased. The French by that time had got completely out of hand; it seemed as though they were beginning a new battle against fresh foes; they had become thoroughly unsteady and fiercely excited by constant rapid shooting; like the Turks, when they did not fire from the hip without putting the piece to the shoulder, they literally pitched up the musket to some angle more or less than 45° and let fly; in the smoke, confusion, noise, excitement, uncertainty, it was all the same to which angle, so long as shot after shot could be sent somewhere in the direction of the plains, forests, mountains, whence Prussians were coming, or were supposed to be coming. Of course there were many good, self-collected marksmen among the French soldiers who knew better than to follow the wild lead of their comrades; but we are speaking of the conduct of the troops generally, and especially at a later period of the struggle when the armies were little more than an aggregation of half-trained conscripts. In war it is necessary to consider not only the effect produced on the enemy by any action or disposition of ours, but also the effect on our own troops; and in this instance we have seen an army unsteady, almost demoralized, by abuse of its own initiative, before even the enemy, with their rifles at least, had seriously engaged. Extravagant firing was not a peculiar feature of the late wars; a hundred years ago the French firing tactics were notorious; ours had as much reputation in an opposite direction, and history has preserved striking instances of the results when these tactics were opposed to each other. These results were identical in 1870 and in the old wars; wild shooting found no compensation in increased expenditure of powder; it only induced unsteadiness and unwholesome excitement. That we can now shoot eight times as far as in former wars, and twenty times as rapidly, does not materially affect the principle.

As regards Objection 2—That "it would be impossible to keep up a necessary supply of ammunition"—the obvious reply is that, as the Turks managed it, so can we; if the expenditure is necessary, the supply must be forthcoming—*coûte que coûte*. Then "the employment of long-range fire would be the death of the spirit of the offensive." There is apparent force in this objection. Many troops are capable of gallant efforts, concentrated in a brief struggle, who would not fancy a prolonged advance under intense fire. It would be more agreeable to many men to lie behind a stone and fire away at enemies a mile off, than to have to get over that mile while being constantly potted at. But, if neither side took the offensive, wars would come to an end. The Prussians and Russians in their several wars, having generally taken the offensive, were compelled to come in close, or their weapons could not have replied to any purpose. The Turks and French,

however, were neither of them loth to attack, although in doing so they threw away the superiority of their arm by voluntarily entering the range of an inferior arm. When all is said, it is the province of guns to open a path for the small-arms. They have greater range, and, what is more important, their shells have a lower trajectory than rifle bullets. Woe betide that army in the next war whose artillery is below the modern mark! Some may have doubts as to the practicability of guns advancing very near their object, even if, as has been suggested, the gunners are protected by iron shields. There can be no manner of hesitation in affirming that the future in long-range fire belongs to powerful guns with their capacity for lodging a terrible shrapnel shell beyond extreme rifle reach—we allow for possible improvements in small-arms—to perfected mitrailleuses, able to send their 600 shots a minute to at least 3,000 yards, and to revolver-cannon. Considering the matter but from one side—a very important one when treating of ranges where unassisted sight fails to distinguish all but mountainous marks—guns can be laid for those ranges, while the elevation to be given to the rifle must at present be guessed at; gunners may be directly assisted, riflemen only indirectly, by "aids to vision," unless we put the latter into spectacles, or affix a telescope to their pieces. It will probably be thought that, having reference to the development of power in the guns which is promised in the near future, Objection 3 cannot be discussed without bringing in the question of artillery. Speaking broadly, if our guns open a path for the rifles, well; no infantry not destitute of "the spirit of the offensive" would hesitate to advance when their opportunity had been cut out for them. If the enemy's guns palpably overbear our own, the introduction of infantry on the scene gives an addition of one factor more on either side, of presumably equal strength, "and the remainders are unequal."

Objection 4—"That troops will not move henceforth in such formations as to allow of long-range infantry fire taking due effect"—has been incidentally touched upon. It is not probable after late experiences that battalions and squadrons will stand grouped like blades of grass in a field waiting for the rain. When an object is tangible, be it half a troop, half a company, half a battery, one gun with its gunners, such object is worthy all the attention—the measured attention—which men with rifles in their hands can give to it. This is something very different from what those intend who would "rain projectiles" upon every inch of ground where an enemy might or might not plant a foot. If any potential foe is likely to play this sort of game, we should advise the insertion of a new paragraph in our Musketry Regulations, which is suggested by what people do when they go abroad having left behind their umbrellas and waterproofs, and are overtaken by a hail-storm or heavy shower—they take shelter till the storm has blown over.

We have perhaps sufficiently indicated in the foregoing remarks the lines upon which, in our view, a compromise is possible between opposing schools. We cannot agree with Captain James when he says that by long-range infantry fire alone the true advantages of the modern rifle are gained. Neither does it follow that, because long-range fire is often attended with expenditure of ammunition disproportionate to the results obtained, that *therefore* it is better to reserve all firing, or heavy firing, for ranges where the proportion is more favourable. The question is, in one sense, one of degree and opportunity; in another, one of fire-discipline, trained skill, and constant practice in judging distance. By all means let the soldier be taught to utilize the far reach of his arm, but not with a view to training him to believe that the tug of war will be decided by even the very best shooting he can make at extreme distances. When the soldier realizes, as he only will after a course of much more practical training than he now gets, how much better results he obtains from his weapon used with discrimination and coolness and disciplined steadiness and self-restraint, than when it is merely made a vehicle for emptying his pouch with the utmost despatch, he will be prone to think twice before he throws away a shot, more especially at ranges which his eye can barely fathom. When we reach this desirable state of things we shall have advanced further than can be said to be the case at present towards determining accurately the distances where, the occasions when, and the degree in which, infantry fire-power may be turned to the best account.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

A FEW years ago, probably, the annual performance of a Latin comedy by the Westminster scholars was generally regarded as nothing more than a curious and interesting survival of an old institution which had elsewhere fallen into disuse. The educational advantages of the custom, though no doubt they were present to the minds of the authorities and had much to do with the maintenance of the tradition, were little thought of by people at large, and the play was generally regarded as occupying a position similar to that held by the cricket match between the School Eleven and the two Houses of Parliament—as a custom, that is, which existed in Westminster School and nowhere else, and was worthy on that account of being kept up. Of late however, there has been a revival of interest in Latin and Greek plays regarded as plays, and not merely as literary compositions, and there is a growing disposition among the teachers of youth to treat Latin and Greek generally as languages which once were

living, rather than as being now certainly dead. A notable sign of this revival was the performance last spring of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which took place in Balliol College, and is now being repeated at St. George's Hall. Such performances as this may be given again, but there are too many difficulties in the way for them to become frequent, and it is perhaps impossible for any adequate representation of a Greek play to be given by schoolboys. Latin comedies, however, from their simpler construction and more limited range of thought, and, above all, from the absence of a Chorus, are far less exacting in the demand which they make upon their interpreters; and their occasional performance would do much to give boys a lively interest in their classical studies, though any newly established custom would necessarily lack the charm of association and tradition which gives peculiar interest to the Westminster Play.

The choice of the works of Terence for these performances in preference to those of Plautus has often been criticized, but, as we think, very unjustly. No doubt Terence is inferior in dramatic power to his older rival, and this inferiority is suggested or expressed by such critics as Cicero and Caesar in the lines quoted by Suetonius in his life of the poet. Cicero speaks of him as follows:—

Tu quoque, qui solus lecto sermone, Terenti,
Conversum expressumque Latina voce Menandrum
In medium nobis sedetis vocibus æfers
Quicquid come loquens atque omnia dulcia dicens.

Cæsar's verses bring out more clearly the relation of Terence to his competitors:—

Tu quoque, tu in summis, o dimidiata Menander,
Poneris et merito, puri sermonis amator.
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis,
Comica ut æquato virtus polletet honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hac despectus parte jaceres.

In fact, Gifford's lines, used by the authors of *Rejected Addresses* as the motto for Laura Matilda's *Durge*, exactly express the estimate formed of Terence by Roman critics of a later generation:—

You praise our sires; but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious and their diction coarse:
We want their strength, agreed; but we alone
For that, and more, by sweetness all our own.

The poet who is praised as "puri sermonis amator" and "omnia dulcia dicens" is perhaps a more suitable study for the young than Plautus, whose Latinity is not nearly so perfect, and who, moreover, with all his vigorous humour, certainly did not write *virginibus puerisque*. Terence himself is not altogether free from this reproach, but in the *Andria*, as it is acted at Westminster, there is nothing which can offend the most sensitive. The leading characters are the familiar figures which appear every year in Christmas pantomimes as harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloon—the two lovers, the comic servant, and the "comicus stultus senex," as Cicero rather unkindly describes the deluded father of Latin comedy. The heroine in this instance does not, indeed, appear on the stage at all; but her fate and fortunes are, with rare art, made a subject of the liveliest interest to the spectators. The tenderness of feeling which Pamphilus shows towards his outcast wife and her infant son forms one of the great charms of the play for modern readers. We may doubt, however, whether it did much to enlist the sympathies of a Roman audience, who would be far more delighted with the plots of Davus, and the way in which Simo is finally outwitted, than with questions of conjugal affection. We can scarcely doubt that the broadly farcical portions of the play were displeasing to Terence himself, and that he only introduced them because stage tradition and the taste of his audience demanded something of the kind. The dragging off of Davus to the treadmill in the last act is so clumsily contrived, and so unworthy of the delicate humour of the rest of the play, that we may well imagine the poet to have inserted it in contemptuous acquiescence in the tastes of his hearers. In no way, perhaps, can we more fully appreciate the superior comic power of Plautus than by comparing this episode with the punishment of Gripus in the *Rudens*. There the avaricious knave is foiled again and again in the use of his familiar weapons, and is appropriately punished by the ridicule of honest men and a keen sense of his own utter discomfiture, without the employment of any such pantomimic devices as the one to which we have referred. Another, and perhaps a still more serious, defect in the play is the falling off of interest in the last act. When Chremes has, in the fourth act, discovered the child of Glycerium exposed before Simo's door, and has overheard the conversation which Davus forces upon Mysis for the purpose of revealing the truth, it is quite clear that the marriage between Pamphilus and Philumena will be broken off. The arrival immediately afterwards of the Stranger from Andros, and his inquiries about Chrysis and Glycerium, make it equally certain that he comes to clear up the mystery of Glycerium's birth and parentage. The fifth act, therefore, is tedious and unnecessary, and is only enlivened by the violent recriminations of Simo and Crito, and by the fragment of pantomime to which we have already referred. But the exquisitely written dialogue would atone for defects of construction far more serious than these. Many lines and phrases in the play are among the best known of the commonplaces of classical quotation, and those of the spectators who were nurtured upon the old Eton Latin Grammar always recognize and applaud such lines as "Omnes

omnia bona dicere et laudare fortunas meas, qui natum haberem tali ingenio præditum"; and the still more familiar "Amantium ire amoris integratio est."

The acting of the play is good throughout. We are inclined, though not without some hesitation, to place the Davus of Mr. Bain first in order of merit. The suppressed impudence which underlies his deferential bearing towards Simo was always happily suggested, and never made too prominent, and his whole manner when in the presence of his master was well contrasted with his frank familiarity with his master's son, and his contemptuous insolence to the melancholy Charinus. His relation of the "fabula," as he supposes it, by which Glycerium is made out to be a free-born Athenian, was excellent; and his acting in the dialogue with Mysis, which he intends Chremes to overhear, could scarcely have been better. Here he was well supported by Mr. Waterfield, as Mysis, who throughout played a rather awkward part very well. The part of Pamphilus is of course by far the most difficult in the whole play, and Mr. Brandon deserves the greatest credit for his rendering of a character which would severely tax the powers of the most accomplished actor. It would be ridiculous to expect a perfect performance of such a part as this from a young amateur, and it speaks well for Mr. Brandon's acting that he achieved his greatest success in the touching passage at the end of the second act, where Pamphilus relates to Mysis how Chrysis on his death-bed had committed Glycerium to his care. Throughout the speech he showed the utmost feeling, and made a strong impression upon his audience. and the concluding words, "Accepi; acceptam servabo," were greeted with loud and well-deserved applause. The part of Simo, important as it is, gives the actor far fewer opportunities than those of Davus and Pamphilus. Mr. James's rendering left little to be desired. In the matter of elocution he was perhaps the best of all the performers. He recited the rather lengthy speeches in the first act very well indeed, and altogether invested the character with a good deal of quiet dignity. The stage management was very good, and there were no hitches in the performance. One word of criticism may perhaps be allowed to us. In the absence of the "modi" which "Flaccus, Claudii filius, fecit tibiis paribus" for the first representation of the comedy in the ædileship of Marcus Fulvius and Manius Glabrio, surely music more appropriate than very modern waltzes and selections from opera bouffe might be played between the acts. Some simple airs from the old Italian masters, to whom Handel himself is often indebted, would be far more in keeping with classical comedy than such stuff as may be heard outside the sacred precincts of Dean's Yard played on any piano-organ.

The chief feature of the Prologue was a warm and hearty recognition of the long services of the second master, who is now retiring after, we believe, more than twenty years of valuable work done for the school. The vigorous applause from all parts of the house with which the allusions to him were received shows how fully his worth is appreciated both by his present pupils and by old Westminsters. The Epilogue consisted of an amusing parody of the proceedings of a Bribery Commission. The three Commissioners summoned as witnesses various of the characters in the play. Pamphilus, made up in close imitation of Mr. Bancroft in *Money*, represented the guileless candidate, who knew nothing except that he had specially forbidden anything approaching to corrupt practices. He was followed by Davus, whose astonishing light suit, bright green tie, and black wig and whiskers suggested one of Mr. Toole's favourite characters. This figure was, of course, the energetic and not very scrupulous agent. Mysis appeared gorgeous in a new dress, the reward of the judicious influence which she had exercised over her husband. She explained the method of persuasion adopted by Davus, which resembled that recommended by Mr. Perker on the occasion of the Eatonswill election, and her evidence drew from the Commissioners an expression of surprise that a woman should meddle with those things "propria quæ maribus." Perhaps the loudest expression of merriment was called forth by Crito, who appeared as a shabbily dressed old man, and, when pressed on the subject of the person who had bribed him, pointed with a disreputable umbrella to the sky, and asserted that the mysterious stranger came "de luna." All these witnesses duly received their certificates, but Byrrhia, as a half-drunken rough, was less fortunate. In spite of his magnanimous assertion, "vilis argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum," his "teetotalian" vows, and his statement that he could not write, he was proved to have received bribes and refreshment, and to have demanded "sacchara" from the agent in a letter which was produced in court. In the inquiry as to his Bacchanalian propensities, the temptation to introduce the now venerable joke from *H.M.S. Pinafore*, was too strong for the composer of the Epilogue, and the question "Quid, nunquam?" with its appropriate answer "vix nunquam!" provoked no less laughter than if the idea were as new as the language in which it was expressed. Finally Byrrhia is condemned to six months' hard labour in the "pistrinum," and, when he expostulates, is addressed as "contemptor juris," and dragged out by a policeman with his sentence doubled. A few lines from the President, reminding the audience of the school elections where a purer morality reigns, bring an excellent performance to a close.

MR. SHERMAN'S NEW REFUNDING SCHEME.

THE Report of the United States Secretary of the Treasury, transmitted to Congress as usual at the beginning of the Session by President Hayes, sketches out a very remarkable plan for dealing with that part of the Federal Debt which falls due in the coming year. But before we enter upon the consideration of this plan, it may be worth while to recall to mind what has already been done with the United States Debt since the close of the Civil War. At the beginning of the financial year 1866-7, when all the accounts had been got in and the whole expenditure of the war made up, the principal of the debt amounted in round numbers to 555 millions sterling. European observers in general were of opinion that the wisest course for the restored Union then to pursue was to reduce expenditure as far as practicable, and to repeal all taxes not required to cover indispensable outlay. In the heat of the struggle there had been no time to select taxes, and as the proportions of the conflict grew larger it had become necessary to put on impost after impost with little regard to the effect upon trade. Moreover, the contest had been fought out to the bitter end. The South was literally exhausted, its social system revolutionized and its industry disorganized; while the North and West, though triumphant, had had to strain their resources most severely. Nevertheless, the American people decided otherwise. They would bear their burden of taxation until they had wiped off the debt, and would teach Europe the lesson that the generation which mortgages the resources of a country is bound to redeem them. How they have fulfilled this resolution is shown by the usual monthly statement issued at the beginning of December. According to this statement, the principal of the debt, not setting off the cash in the Treasury, amounted on December 1 to 419 millions sterling; setting off the cash in the Treasury, to 381 millions sterling. Between July 1, 1866, and December 1, 1880—a period of fourteen years and five months—the debt was reduced 136 millions sterling; if we take no account of the cash in the Treasury; if we do take the cash into account, the reduction was as much as 174 millions sterling. In the first case, the redemption of debt has averaged a little over nine millions a year; in the second, it has been at the rate of twelve millions annually. But this is not all. In 1870 the refunding of the debt in bonds bearing a lower rate of interest was taken in hand; and, though the success at first was very slow, the operation has been carried through. Partly owing to this reduction of interest, and partly to the redemption of the principal, the interest on the debt has been cut down from about 29 millions sterling per annum to about 16 millions. In other words, when the growth of wealth and population in the meantime is taken into consideration, it will be seen that the charge is now hardly felt. It ought to be added that the above statement of the principal of the debt on the 1st of the current month includes 81 millions sterling of various liabilities which bear no interest, the legal tender notes amounting to nearly 70 of the 81 millions. The debt actually bearing interest amounts to 337,304,030*l*. No such feat as this which we have described has ever been accomplished by any other nation. But it does not necessarily follow that the opinion expressed by European observers fifteen years ago was mistaken. The limitless extent of unsettled land possessed by the United States, the immensity and variety of their resources, the increasing flow of immigration from Europe, and the constant influx of European capital seeking investment, enable them to commit imprudences with comparative impunity which would jeopardize the future of less favoured countries. Yet it cannot be doubted that, even in the United States, unwise taxation, more particularly in the form of protective duties, has retarded material and intellectual development.

Of the 337½ millions sterling of interest-bearing debt still existing, 137½ millions fall due in the coming year, and it is of the mode of dealing with this latter sum that Mr. Sherman treats in the Report just transmitted to Congress. He asks for authority to issue, in place of 80 millions sterling of the amount, Treasury notes bearing interest not exceeding 4 per cent. He expects to place the notes at a lower rate; but even at 4 per cent. he would save 1 or 2 per cent., some of the bonds about to fall due bearing 6 per cent. interest, and the remainder 5 per cent. He wishes to be empowered, therefore, to give as much as 4 per cent. in case of need rather than risk the success of his experiment. For it is an experiment which he is about to try in respect to this particular issue. The Treasury notes are to be so dated that they will fall due in annual series during the next ten years, each series being calculated not to exceed the amount of the Sinking Fund in the year in which it reaches maturity. The result would be the extinction of the whole 80 millions within the ten years, being at the rate of 8 millions per annum, which, as we saw above, is less than the average rate of redemption during the past fourteen years. Supposing he can get these notes taken by the public, Mr. Sherman insures the maintenance of the existing Sinking Fund for another ten years, which is probably one of his reasons for advocating this system of Treasury notes. The Sinking Fund, in fact, is mortgaged by it for ten years to come. But another object, doubtless, is to save the loss incurred by buying bonds in the open market. At present, for example, the Four per Cents. are at nearly 14 premium in New York; and every year that the reduction of the debt continues the premium will go on growing. Thus the United States, which originally borrowed at a very great discount, would have to redeem

at a very great premium. For the 80 millions of notes included in the proposal we are now considering this second loss would be avoided, inasmuch as they would be redeemed at par in annual instalments. But this form of investment is very inconvenient. An ordinary person having money to put into securities likes to choose an investment which, besides being safe, easily realizable, and yielding a tolerably good interest, will be permanent. It is an anxious and troublesome thing to make a selection; and, when he has made it, he hates to have the trouble all over again in a few years. These notes will, therefore, be unsuitable for the ordinary investor. But they will be extremely convenient for bankers. They will also serve admirably for purposes of remittance. The credit of the United States stands so high, and the market for United States bonds is so universal, that the notes will doubtless be largely taken by financial firms all over Europe. Still 80 millions is an immense sum, and it is open to question whether it all can be placed. Mr. Sherman himself is not without doubts on the point, and in his second proposal he provides for the contingency.

If the 80 millions of Treasury notes are all placed, there will remain of the amount about to fall due only 57½ millions. But Mr. Sherman has funds to pay off ten millions immediately, so that the residue which he will have to refund is only 47½ millions sterling. Yet he asks for authority to issue bonds for 80 millions sterling. Of course he does not mean actually to issue the whole 160 millions of new debt which he asks to be empowered to create. His real purpose is to place the 80 millions of Treasury notes, if he can, and fund 47½ millions in bonds. But should he be unable to float the whole amount of Treasury notes, he prudently takes power to issue what may remain on his hands in the form of bonds. The bonds are to be redeemable at the end of fifteen years, and Mr. Sherman proposes that they shall bear interest not exceeding 3·65 per cent. The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, which has more power over financial legislation than the Secretary of the Treasury, because the latter has no seat in Congress, is of opinion that the interest ought not to exceed 3 per cent., and has amended Mr. Sherman's Bill to that effect. How Congress will decide remains to be seen. But if it were more anxious for the success of the refunding operation than to annoy a political opponent, it would unquestionably reject the Committee's amendment. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Committee proves to be right, it is not to be supposed for a moment that Mr. Sherman will agree to pay a higher interest than he will find to be necessary. A Secretary of the Treasury has every motive for endeavouring to place his loans at the lowest possible rate of interest. In Mr. Sherman's case the motives are peculiarly strong. He has won a great reputation by his former success in refunding, and by the way in which he has carried through the resumption of specie payments. If now he can borrow at par at 3 per cent., and thus place the credit of the United States on a level with that of England, he will secure a reputation such as no Secretary of the Treasury, not even excepting Hamilton, has ever yet had. Mr. Sherman may therefore be safely trusted to screw down the rate of interest to the lowest possible, and, as a matter of fact, his tendency is to screw it down rather too much. It would consequently be wise on the part of Congress to give him the discretion he asks for.

Mr. Sherman estimates that his scheme will effect a reduction in the interest on the debt of about 2,400,000*l*., and he recommends therefore that taxes be remitted to the amount of 2,200,000*l*.. He is careful, however, not to raise protectionist prejudice against his proposals, for the taxes he selects for remission are all levied on home products. He is, moreover, careful not to interfere with the Sinking Fund. His recommendation keeps well within the saving to be effected in interest; but the rapid extinction of debt can hardly fail to reinforce powerfully the party that desires a reduction in the Customs duties. During the financial year which ended with last June, the actual realized surplus amounted to 13,176,730*l*.. In the current financial year, of which five months had elapsed when his Report was presented to Congress, Mr. Sherman estimates the surplus at 18 millions sterling; and in the financial year that will begin with July next he anticipates a still larger surplus, notwithstanding the recommended remission of taxation. This surplus, it is to be understood, is over and above the Sinking Fund. But it is to be supposed that Mr. Sherman recommends a remission of taxation only because he finds the demand for it too strong to be prudently disregarded. If so, it seems only reasonable to assume that people will think an annual surplus of 18 millions too large, and will clamour for a further remission of taxation. The demand, too, is likely to be encouraged by the result of the first remission. All experience proves that a lightening of taxation stimulates consumption, and makes the remaining taxes more productive. It seems scarcely possible, therefore, that the present protective tariff can be maintained for many more years. It must be relaxed for want of an object on which to expend the proceeds. But it is at the same time evident that the tariff will not be touched as long as the Republican party can prevent it. They will prefer, as Mr. Sherman now does, to deal first with the Inland Revenue.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIS winter's exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours does not strike us as being particularly fortunate. The gallery contains no doubt a considerable number of works of merit, as well as a not inconsiderable number of works of demerit; but there is, to our thinking, a certain absence of interest in the whole affair. Mr. Alma-Tadema, whose name heads the list of members and associates, contributes nothing; Mr. Boyce's works are conspicuous by their absence; and some other members, whom we need not name, seem to have been bent on proving that, whatever faults may be laid to their charge, they cannot at least be accused of spending too much time on any one work.

A place of honour on the wall at which the patient picture-plodder will naturally look first is occupied, and deservedly occupied, by the Princess Louise's portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel F. de Winton (23), which is a careful and strong piece of painting, and has so lifelike an air that one cannot be far wrong in taking it to be a good portrait. Another important picture on the same wall is Mr. Marks's "The Two Dromios" (35), to which is appended the motto from *The Comedy of Errors*, "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother." The information thus given in the catalogue would hardly lead any person who studied the catalogue without going to the gallery to suppose that the subject of the picture is a pair of penguins, exquisitely drawn and coloured, and strongly marked with that fine sense of humour of which Mr. Marks is a master, whether he deals with human beings or with creatures whose extent and variety of character only a few artists, painters or poets, are capable of both appreciating and conveying. Mr. Marks is perhaps the only living painter whose humour is at once perfectly fine and simple and perfectly unmistakable. In this work it is particularly unassertive; what he has done is simply a piece of portraiture; but it is portraiture executed by a hand which cannot help catching every trait of the subject, and combining these traits in the happiest and most direct way. It is not uncommon, though it might be well if it were more common, to find a delicate sense of humour allied with an equally delicate sense of poetical beauty; and in this connexion visitors to the old Water Colour Exhibition who have admired Mr. Marks's penguins will do well to turn to two little landscapes which the same painter exhibits (308, 392). The last named is possibly the better work of the two; but both are instinct with a natural appreciation of what is fine in nature, and with the artistic science that gives that appreciation its best expression. Among younger painters, Mr. W. M. Hale comes out remarkably well. A week or two ago we noticed a work of his at the Dudley Gallery, in which various hues of a strong colour were employed and blended with great audacity and success; and in this exhibition we find several works of his which prove that he is as much at home in dealing with low tones as in executing a *tour de force* of a somewhat opposite kind. Mr. Hale sends several specimens of his work, amongst which "Old Houses, St. Philip's, Bristol" (61), and "Monte Salvatore, Lugano" (199), seem to us to be the best. The first named of these is studiously and truthfully low in tone, and is painted with great delicacy; the second is perhaps more striking in subject, and has much strength without any suspicion of over-emphasizing. The painting of the reflection in the water is particularly good. Mr. Herbert M. Marshall contributes several pictures, all of which have merit, but the best of which perhaps are "November's Hail-Cloud" (1) and "Between Newcastle and Tynemouth" (277). The last of these is marked by a pleasing combination of breadth and delicacy. The detail is amply given or suggested without any loss of due proportion, and the general effect is caught and rendered with much skill. The power of marking, subordinating, and harmonizing each part of a subject in this way is not too common, and it is a power which Mr. Marshall seems to possess. Mr. Brewtnall sends five works, of which the largest and probably the most looked at is "The Frog Prince" (124), which illustrates a subject dear to lovers of Grimm. "The Princess looked around to see whether the voice came, and saw a frog stretching out his thick ugly head. 'Ah! Is it you, old water-paddler?' said she. 'I am crying for my golden ball, which has fallen into the water.'" The surroundings which Mr. Brewtnall has given to this engaging incident are pretty and well painted enough, but beyond that we cannot give him any praise. His Princess's figure seems like a caricature of the figures familiar in a school of painting which it is only too easy to caricature, so easy, indeed, that the caricatures sometimes defeat their own object, and his Frog-Prince is, to our thinking, greatly wanting in character and importance. But perhaps no brush but Mr. Marks's could adequately realize the characteristics of a prince who is also a frog. Mr. J. D. Watson is well represented by "Sweethearts and Wives" (117), a soldier in last-century costume drinking a solitary toast. The figure is full of life and feeling. The title suggests once again the notion already suggested by Mr. Marks's "Two Dromios," of the curiously incorrect impressions which might be received by a person who, unable to visit picture-galleries, had a love for collecting picture-gallery catalogues. Such a person would probably entertain an unduly high estimate of a picture which is called "Silvia" (95), and to which are appended in the catalogue the first two lines of the well-known quotation. The work is hung in a particularly good position, is the production of Mr. W. C. T. Dobeon, R.A., and is, if not the worst picture, certainly one of the worst pictures in the Gallery. To say this is, as visitors will find

out for themselves, to say a good deal; but (also as visitors will find out for themselves) it is not to say too much. Mrs. Allingham sends a good many contributions, all of which have a certain grace and prettiness, and among the best of which perhaps we may rank "Resting" (320). But they all have a certain monotony, both of subject and method, and it might be better to see fewer of them at a time. Mr. North's "Autumn" (72) is markedly distinguished by his exquisite touch and sense of colour in the foreground, and there is a strength in the misty background which has not always been found in his work. The picture is complete; there is in it no sacrifice of general effect to a particular and charming piece of technique; and yet the technique has not been allowed to lose any of its charm. It is, in a word, admirably composed as well as admirably painted. Out of Mr. Albert Goodwin's pictures we select for special praise "The English Cemetery at Rome" (240), which is admirably painted, and has a good deal of originality. The sky full of "mare's tails" is especially good and striking. Mr. H. Moore's works are, as might be expected, capital. One of the most attractive among them is "Landing a Yarmouth Hawse-Boat" (109), in which the tumbling waves have a great deal of "go" and movement. Mr. Wallis's "In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence" (237), is a pleasing and attractive work, in which the representation of the stained and weather-beaten marble of the statue which is the principal object of the picture strikes us as being particularly happy. The figures of the spectators are less fortunate, but that perhaps is a matter of minor importance. Mr. Thorne White's "Parham Park; Outdoor Sketch" (231) is a curiously sprawling work, in which a little group of figures seems oddly put in, possibly, of course, because they happened to be there. Mrs. Angel's pictures of still life are, as usual, charming, and we may call special attention to her "Roses" (66) and "Spring Gatherings" (213). Miss Clara Montalba sends twelve pictures, none of which seem to us to be in her happiest vein. Mr. Paul Nafel's "Morning" (70) is in his best manner. A special feature in the present exhibition is the "Dodgson Loan Collection" shown on some of the screens. The works exhibited afford an interesting study, but happily do not lead one to despair of the present state of water-colour art. What is remarkable in most of the pictures is a fine sense of light and atmosphere, which is too often allied with a conventional and meaningless arrangement of figures. In some cases, also, it will be observed that the painter aimed, boldly enough, at more than it was given to him to accomplish.

We have spoken of this exhibition as being in some ways unsatisfactory, and it seems desirable to point to a few glaring instances of pictures which ought not to have been shown. What could have induced Mr. J. D. Watson to paint so hideous and repellent a picture as "A Bath" (312) is perhaps not a more difficult question to answer than "What could have induced anybody, when it was painted, to hang it?" It is hardly more easy to imagine what models, human or feline, Mr. Smallfield can have had for his "Dame Wiggins" (228), and how, giving him every chance in the direction of bad models, he can have "imitated" them so abominably. With these two works we must, we fear, class Mr. Walter Duncan's "With Stream and Wind" (209), in which we have the old, old pair of lovers in an impossible boat, drifting down an impossible stream, bordered by (most happily) impossible rushes.

REVIEWS.

GÜNTHER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FISHES.*

DR. GÜNTHER'S recently published *Introduction to the Study of Fishes* fully sustains the high reputation of the author. To the exceptional opportunities of research which he has had as Keeper of the Zoological Department of our great national collection, Dr. Günther adds the indispensable qualities of a philosophic habit of generalizing from facts, and a logical method in drawing out and stating his conclusions. No one is entitled to speak with higher authority in this special department of natural history. Invited to revise or rewrite the article on Ichthyology for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he felt impelled at the same time to undertake a Handbook of Ichthyology, in which he could allow himself wider scope and greater amplitude of technical treatment than was compatible with an abstract condensed for the wants of the general reader. There has long been a call for some concise and systematic treatise dealing with the structure, classification, and life-history of fishes. The only publication which Dr. Günther could point to as in part satisfying these requirements was the article on the same subject prepared by the late Sir J. Richardson for the last edition of the *Encyclopædia*. The mass of material scattered up and down in the pages of special memoirs, notices, and Transactions have been laid under contribution for the purpose of the present work, combined with the larger and more methodical class of writings which form the bulk of the literature of ichthyology. The great work of Cuvier and Valenciennes, left incomplete by those masters of the science, has been supplemented by the labours of later naturalists, who have given detailed accounts of orders omitted in the *Histoire*

* *An Introduction to the Study of Fishes*. By Albert C. L. G. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1880.

naturelle. The Plagiostomes have been described by Müller and Henle, and the Muraenidae and Lophobranchii by Kaup. M. A. Duméril's splendid *Histoire naturelle des Poissons ou Ichthyologie générale* has got as yet no further than two volumes, the first containing a complete account of the Plagiostomes (Paris, 1865), and the second treating of the Ganoids and Lophobranchs (Paris, 1870). Dr. Günther's valuable *Catalogue of Fishes*, published by the Trustees of the British Museum in eight volumes (London, 1869-70), did much towards bringing together in one comprehensive work the results of the manifold researches carried on by independent inquirers in every department of ichthyology during this interval of unexampled activity. Besides the species previously described, many new forms were added, bringing up the total number of species referred to in those volumes to 8,525. In the systematic arrangement of families and orders Müller's system was followed in the main, with some modification in point of definition. The work now before us may be regarded as giving in a condensed form, adapted to the needs of the student, a survey of the science of ichthyology in its latest stage of progress. Besides meeting the requirements of those who would systematically master the elements of the science, it is fitted to serve as a book of reference for zoologists in general, or as a manual for the use of travellers or followers of sport who wish for ready information on matters relating to fish life.

The opening chapter on the history and literature of the subject gives a valuable summary of the progress of research from the days of Aristotle, who shows a perfect knowledge of the general structure of fishes, clearly discriminating them from the aquatic animals which have lungs and mammæ—i.e. cetaceans—as well as from the various groups of aquatic invertebrates. From the time of this gifted and accurate observer, with the exception of a small poem in which Ausonius describes from his own observations the fishes of the Mosel, Dr. Günther finds either total silence or no more than vague or fabulous notices among classical writers or their successors in literature until far on in the sixteenth century. In the elder Pliny, at least, he might have met with some evidences of a better kind of knowledge, the section on fishes having really a worth beyond most of that garrulous naturalist's history. The culinary gossip of Paulus Jovius has rightly been passed over in silence. It was with Belon, Rondelet, and Salviani that ichthyology entered upon the stage of really scientific existence. For a century or so their authority continued to hold rule among naturalists, though much was done by the exertions of investigators in foreign countries, especially in the Spanish and Dutch settlements in the New World. Piso and Margrav made known the fishes of Brazil, adding one hundred species to those previously catalogued. In Europe at the same time anatomical schools and academies led to the careful investigation of the internal anatomy of the most prominent native forms. Foremost at this time were the names of Borelli, Malpighi, Duverney, and the famous anatomist Swammerdam. A new era began with our own countrymen, Willughby and Ray, who were the first to recognize the true principles whereby the natural affinities of animals were to be determined. Amongst the primary and essential points of their method was the determination of species as the base upon which all sound zoological knowledge must be built up. Upon the lines laid down by them Artedi of Sweden worked out the system which entitled him to be called the father of ichthyology. Drowned by accident in 1784, when but twenty-nine years old, Artedi left MSS. of the highest value, which were edited by his fellow-pupil Linnæus. So perfect was Artedi's method that even Linnæus, Dr. Günther says, could but modify and add to it, doing little more than apply binominal terms to the species properly described and classified by Artedi. The works of Artedi and Linnæus gave a new impulse to the study of the aquatic fauna, not only in Scandinavia, but in Holland, Germany, and England. Naturalists attached themselves to the expeditions of adventurous voyagers—among them the two Forsters, father and son, Solander, who accompanied Cook, and Commerson, who travelled with Bougainville. The researches of Bloch and Lacépède carried on the systematic study of the anatomy and physiology of fishes to the time of Cuvier, who from the year 1820 set himself to the pursuit of ichthyology, not merely as a part of the *Règne animal*, but from a particular predilection for the study. He was assisted by one of his pupils, Valenciennes, who, after Cuvier's death in 1832, carried on the work at intervals, leaving it, however, still unfinished with the twenty-second volume (1848), which treats of the Salmonoids.

A short but clear analysis of Cuvier's system is given by Dr. Günther, who, pointing out its occasional defects and inconsistencies, dwells upon the immense stride which ichthyology had made in the seventy years that had elapsed since the time of Linnæus. Extending his researches into the field of palæontology, Cuvier was the first to make good the points of resemblance between large classes of existing fishes and their fossil representatives or ancestors, thus laying a foundation upon which has been largely built up the modern theory of the continuity of life from its earliest vestiges until now. An undue absorption in the study of fossil forms was the cause of Louis Agassiz losing in part the vantage-ground gained by Cuvier. Whilst opening up a whole new sub-class of fishes in the Ganoidei, he failed to see how artificial was the classification of fishes which he based on the mere structure of their scales. The distinctions between cycloid and ctenoid scales, between the Placoid and Ganoid orders are, as Dr. Günther points out, extremely vague, and hardly to be maintained. This system has shared the fate of every classification

based simply upon the modifications of a single organ. To the discoverer of the Ganoidei succeeded their explorer, Johannes Müller, whose system, if not absolutely natural in all its arrangements, requires no more than modifications in detail and more exact definition to suit itself to the order of nature which it is the task of every true biologist to subserve. The comparative outlines of the systems of these two great men, given by our author, show in how many points the families established by Cuvier were re-examined and better defined by Müller. His own discussion, modestly referred to here, of the recovery (in the year 1871) in the *Ceratodus* of a genus long thought extinct—allied in form, as he showed, to *Lepidosiren*, though, on the other hand, not to be separated from the Ganoid fishes, *Lepidosiren* being proved thereby a Ganoid—led to a further modification of Müller's sub-classes, and the result is the thoroughly natural system followed in the present work. A list of all the more important books or monographs illustrative of this special branch of zoology which have appeared subsequently to the labours of Cuvier enables the student to lay his hand readily upon the best authority and guide in whatever direction his research may take. These works are for convenience arranged under three heads. 1. Voyages, containing general accounts of zoological collections in French, English, and German. 2. Fauna, or standard works on the natural history of the marine and fresh-water fishes of various geographical zones and of both hemispheres, special mention being made of Bleeker's *Atlas Ichthyologique des Indes Orientales Néerlandaises* (Amsterdam, fol. 1862), interrupted by the author's death, in 1878—a splendid work, yet defective in system, and limited to the external characteristics of each specimen, omitting the anatomy, physiology, and habits of fishes. 3. Anatomical works, too numerous for an exhaustive catalogue; the most prominent and instructive being commended to the student's choice, while his inquiries are directed to the general arrangement or special organs of fishes, their osteology, histology, or embryology, their electric organs, or their metamorphosis, as in the case of the lampreys. Besides the works of Owen and Huxley, the *Zootomie der Fische* of H. Stannius is recommended as the most comprehensive manual of the anatomy of fishes.

As the general result of so many ages of labour, the views of ichthyologists have at length converged to the definition of fishes as that class of vertebrate animals which, living in water, breathe by means of gills or branchiæ; whose heart consists of a single ventricle and single atrium; whose limbs, if present, are modified into fins, supplemented by unpaired, median fins; and whose skin is either naked or covered with scales, or osseous plates or bucklers. Not that the lines of this definition are to be taken as absolutely sharp and clear. There are, our author admits, not a few members of the class of fishes in which a modification of one or more of these characteristics may be seen, but which, notwithstanding, cannot be separated from it. Moreover, the distinction between the class of fishes and that of Batrachians is very slight. The first half of Dr. Günther's work treats with great minuteness on those points of the internal and external structure of fishes which are to be taken as indices for establishing these points of difference. By the aid of admirable woodcuts he makes clear the anatomy and the homologies of the skeleton, the muscular and electric organs, the nervous system, with its relation to the spinal cord and brain and the sensory system, with critical remarks upon the sense of hearing in fishes, which in many families, as in the Percoids and Clupeoids, has a peculiar relation with the air-bladder. The organs of nutrition and digestion, respiration, circulation, and reproduction, having been amply discussed, a chapter is given to the phenomena of the growth and variation of fishes, the changes dependent upon sexual development, with the secondary differences peculiar to certain families, the classification of mixogamous, polygamous, and monogamous fishes, and the changes traceable to domestication and acclimatization. The distribution of fishes in point of time opens up an interesting chapter on palæontology. Can the existing types be shown to be identical with those which first peopled our seas, rivers, and lakes? and has the stream of life come down in an unbroken line from the earliest dawn of geological time? In the Upper Silurian rocks the first undeniable evidence of a fish—spines and scales, apparently, of a plagiostome—our author believes is to be found. What appears to be the jaw of a fish may possibly find a place among the Ganoids. In the Devonian or Old Red sandstone there are fish remains distinctive enough to be referred to several genera; the Ganoids in particular being so well preserved that their general aspects and habits may be very clearly made out, such especially as were provided with hard carapaces, solid scales, and ordinary or bony fin rays. Of the Devonian Ganoids Dr. Günther instances one which approaches the still living *Polypterus*, and a second in which the principal characters of the Dipnoi are so strongly manifest as to admit no more than a family separation between them. The continuity of form is traceable through the Carboniferous and Permian series, and may be seen to grow in distinctness as we pass on towards the existing fauna. It is interesting to mark the falling out of genera by the way. In the Cretaceous group the Paleichthyes are already in a minority, whilst many Teleosteans have appeared for the first time in numerous genera, many of them identical with still existing fishes. In the Tertiary epoch the Teleosteans have all but superseded the Ganoids, of which the few remaining species are closely allied to existing forms, such as *Lepidosteus*, *Amia*, *Hypania*, and *Acipenser*. In geographical distribution the fishes of earlier epochs differed widely from those of our day, owing in part to climatic changes, in part to modifications of

the earth's surface whereby the waters have become by turns fresh and salt or brackish. In the changes of species constantly going on between the fresh-water and marine fauna, and the consequent difficulty in drawing sharp dividing lines of families and groups, is involved many a problem for the ichthyologist. The division into three principal zones, with sub-regions characterized by their attendant families, wherewith our author closes this part of his work, will be found of immense assistance to the student.

In the systematic and descriptive part which forms the latter half of the volume the reader obtains a clear view of the natural system of classification of fishes. Each of the sub-classes—Palaichthyes, Teleostei, Cyclostomata, and Leptocardii—has its distinctive characteristics laid down, with the modifications which determine the secondary division into orders, sub-orders, and families. Of the method herein employed, or the amount of special knowledge brought to bear upon this masterly compilation, at once a catalogue and an analysis of the whole phenomena of fish-life, our limits do not allow us to give any adequate idea. The student is to be envied who, with this manual in hand, will shortly enjoy free access to the great collection of specimens now being gathered together for his use in the spacious galleries of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.*

THE title that Dr. Blaikie has given to this book shows that he was well aware of the difficulties that lay in his path. Livingstone, in his books of travels and in the journal which was published after his death, had given so full an account of the great work of his life that not much might seem at first sight to be left for a biographer. Dr. Blaikie, therefore, professes to write, not so much his Life, as his Personal Life. He chiefly aims, we assume, at showing, not what the man did, but what he was. The two subjects however cannot, of course, be kept separate, though a writer can dwell more on the one part than on the other. He can, moreover, in a way that would be unbecoming in one who describes his own doings, enter into personal details which are often of the highest interest. He can show how the character of his hero was slowly trained, till at last it became fit for the grand task of his life. He can add many touches from letters and journals to prove that that almost childlike simplicity which is so commonly found in the greatest men was not in this case wanting. Lastly, he can quote the testimony of others, and let us see the way in which the conduct of his hero was regarded by those who were most about him. This is what Dr. Blaikie has chiefly aimed at doing, though, to make his narrative complete, he has given at the same time a tolerably full account of Livingstone's travels. Though we cannot look upon the narrative as altogether worthy of its subject, yet we feel that, on the whole, we ought to be satisfied. The author has certainly surpassed the average of biographers, and has given us a book which, if here and there it affords matter for censure, at all events can be read with much interest. If, according to the immortal criticism given in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it might have been better had the author taken more pains, on the other hand it might very easily have been a great deal worse had less pains been taken.

The story of Livingstone's early days will be read with by no means the least interest. He belonged, as he always remembered with pride, to "the honest poor." "My own order, the honest poor," he wrote when he was at the height of his fame. When he was a child he had learnt from his grandfather the history of his family for six generations back. The old man had never heard of any of its members who had ever been guilty of dishonesty. In the inscription that Livingstone wrote for the tombstone which he set up over his parents' grave, he showed his pride in his birth:—

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE OF
NEIL LIVINGSTONE,
AND AGNES HUNTER, HIS WIFE,
AND TO EXPRESS THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD
OF THEIR CHILDREN,
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES, AND AGNES,
FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

It is well known how laboriously his youth was spent; how he worked in a factory from six in the morning till eight in the evening, and how, when his body could at length rest, he toiled each evening over his books. Even during the daytime he had kept his book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, and had devoured it by snatches. His, indeed, was a hard youth, but it was not an unhappy one. He looked back upon it with pleasure, and, so far from regretting it, he believed that it had been an admirable training for the great work of his after life. Had it been possible, he said, he would have liked "to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training." Dr. Blaikie tells us that "he ridiculed Mrs. Beecher Stowe's notion that factory-workers were slaves." Well indeed he might, for he was a countryman of Burns, and had never thought of hanging his head for honest poverty. It is interest-

ing, by the way, to know that, as he roamed alone through the wilds of Africa, even in the midst of the horrors of the slave-trade, he kept up his heart by thinking of the good time coming, and by humming to himself:—

When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

When he was spending on fresh explorations the money which he had so hardly earned by his first book, he wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison, "People who are born rich sometimes become miserable from a fear of becoming poor; but I have the advantage, you see, in not being afraid to die poor." When he heard that the Boers in his absence had wrecked his house, had torn up his books, scattering the leaves all about, and had carried off everything that they did not break, he wrote to his wife, "Well, they cannot have taken away all the stones. We shall have a seat in spite of them, and that too with a merry heart which doeth good like medicine." He had always been used to make the best of everything. His father had been in the habit of locking the door of his house at dusk, by which time all the children were expected to be in. "One evening David had infringed this rule, and when he reached the door it was barred. He made no cry nor disturbance, but, having procured a piece of bread, sat down contentedly to pass the night on the doorstep. There, on looking out, his mother found him."

As Dr. Blaikie justly says, "the fellow-feeling he acquired for the children of labour was invaluable for enabling him to gain influence with the same class, whether in Scotland or in Africa." It was not only that he was a thoroughly good craftsman himself. It was not only that he was a good hand at "building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, and wagon-mending," though this was much. It was not only that he was always ready to do things that would have been intolerable, to use his own words, to a man of clerical dignity. He had, besides, that thorough sympathy with those who get their living by the sweat of their brow, and that complete understanding of the way in which they look on the world, which is at once so hard for a man born among the rich to acquire, and at the same time so needful for those whose work lies among the poor. He knew the power of gentleness and kindness. "Depend upon it," he wrote in the instructions which he gave to those who were under him in his expedition to the Zambesi, "Depend upon it, a kind word or deed is never lost." At another time he stated, as the result of his long experience, that "the polite, respectful way of speaking, and behaviour of what we call 'a thorough gentleman,' almost always secures the friendship and good-will of the Africans." He was never troubled by that feeling of condescension which troubles even good men when they mix with those who have been born in much poorer circumstances than themselves. What he did, he did quite naturally. A lady had written to reproach him that he seemed to have forgotten the chief part of a missionary's duties. He thus wrote back in reply:—

Nowhere have I ever appeared as anything else but a servant of God, who has simply followed the leadings of His hand. My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at the forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and medical practice. I feel that I am "not my own." I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation, or writing to one of His children who forget, during the little moment of penning a note, that charity which is eulogized as "thinking no evil."

It was in patient continuance in well-doing, as he often used to say, that the true road to influence lay. It was by following this road, without turning for one moment to the right hand or the left, that he was able to pass nearly twenty years in Africa without having once to lift his hand against a fellow-man. It was in 1841 that he landed at the Cape and went up far among the wild tribes. It was not till 1861 that he was attacked by the natives and was forced to repel the attack with violence. "I'll do anything for peace, except fighting for it," he had at one time said. But at last the time came when even he was forced to fight, and to fight for peace. He had got into the midst of a savage tribe which, in the hunt after slaves, had been wasting all the country round with fire and sword. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie had gone up in the hope of turning the chief from his murderous ways, and had been attacked by him with the utmost violence. Next to his gentleness it was his truthfulness which won over to him the hearts of men. His return from England to Loanda, so that he might, in accordance with his promise, lead back his faithful Makololo their year's journey through the wilderness home was never forgotten. It is interesting to compare with this act of faithfulness on his part a striking note in his journal. He wrote it on the evening of a day when he was in the greatest peril. His passage across the Zambesi was threatened by a hostile tribe, and he had but little hope that he should escape with his life:—

Evening.—Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations—and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night as I intended. It would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God.

When he wrote "It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred

* *The Personal Life of David Livingstone, I.L.D., D.C.L., chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the possession of his Family.* By William Garden Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., New College, Edinburgh. With Portrait and Map. London: John Murray. 1880.

and strictest honour," he might have had in mind Decker's lines, but it is scarcely likely that he knew them:—

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Livingstone, according to Dr. Blaikie, owed his gentleness to his mother. "She was," our author writes, "a delicate little woman, with a wonderful flow of good spirits . . . Her love had no crust to penetrate, but came beaming out freely like the light of the sun. . . . It was the genial, gentle influences that had moved him under his mother's training that enabled him to move the savages of Africa." His great strength and persistence of character were due in part to that severe training in the school of poverty which we have already mentioned, and in part to the religious teaching of his puritanic home. His father, as he himself has said, was of that high type of character portrayed in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. In this training, with much that was good there was usually much of narrowness. Happily Neil Livingstone, while he was fond of old Scottish theology, was also deeply interested "in the progress of the world," as he called it. Yet he had a fear of books of science, deeming them unfriendly to Christianity. As for novels, he would never allow one to enter his house. While we remember the many great men who have been reared up under the severe training of those Northern homes, we ought at the same time never to forget how many have been utterly ruined by its unnatural severity. The Scottish Sabbath, when it claims its heroes, must not be allowed to pass over in silence its worse than failures. Happily Livingstone had a natural greatness of mind which enabled him, each year that he lived, to shake himself free of the burdens that men had laid on his back. In his travels in Africa he freed himself, as well as others, from the shackles of slavery. When he had arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, and was detained in the fever-breeding region of mangrove swamps, at a time when he himself was suffering from illness, he did not hesitate to work hard one Sunday in getting disembarked the sections of his river steamboat. He not only wanted to save time, but also he had found that active exercise every day was one of the best preventives of fever. "Some of his friends," writes Dr. Blaikie, "were troubled, and many reflections were thrown on him." We should like to sentence such precisians as these to only one Sabbath in a mangrove-swamp. It might possibly enlarge their hearts as well as their understandings. It is very rarely that we discover any narrowness in Livingstone. On one occasion, however, he certainly shows that he had not mastered the lesson that was taught by the fall of the Tower of Siloam. He is describing how the Boers, at the time when they sacked his house, had ruthlessly murdered the natives amongst whom he had been living and labouring. He writes to one of his friends, "The Boers kill the blacks without compunction, and without provocation, because they believe they have no soul . . . Viewing the dispensation apart from the extreme wickedness of the Boers, it seemed a judgment on the blacks for their rejection of the Gospel. They have verily done despite unto the spirit of grace." In his later years he could never have written such words as these. By that time he had shaken himself wholly free from the bondage of bigotry. On one of his visits to Scotland he was asked to speak in the chapel where he had been a worshipper in his youth. He spoke of the divisions in the Church, and "of the broadening process that had been going on in his own mind while in Africa, which made him feel himself more than ever the brother of all." He went on to say, "I am sure I look on all the different denominations in Hamilton and in Britain with feelings of affection. I cannot say which I love most. Really, perhaps, I may be considered a little heterodox; if I were living in this part of the country, I could not pass one Evangelical church in order to go to my own denomination beyond it."

It is by no means surprising that his real greatness of character was not discovered in his early days. After three months' trial he was almost rejected as a missionary by the London Missionary Society. Little did the reverend gentleman who sent in an unfavourable report of him think that the only chance he himself had of being remembered was as the man who lived in the same house with Livingstone for three months, and failed to find out that his was a great mind. "None of his friends," writes Dr. Blaikie, "seems to have had any foresight of the eminence he was destined to attain. The Directors of the Society did not even rank him among their ablest men." Many years later, when he had given undoubted proofs of his strong and noble character, his Directors were still blind to the transcendent merits of their famous missionary. He was bent on "passing on." He had no thought of settling down in a comfortable home, as so many others did. To one of his friends he wrote, "If you meet me down in the colony before eight years are expired, you may shoot me." He told his Directors that he was at their disposal, "to go anywhere—provided it be forward." "Can the love of Christ," on another occasion he wrote, "not carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader?" But his proposals were not accepted, for they lay out of the beaten path which is so dear to men of ordinary minds. To the Society's agent he made a noble defence of his plan for opening up a path for the teeming population of the interior. "I have been," he said, "seven times in peril of my life from savage men while laboriously and without swerving pursuing that plan, and never doubting that I was in the path of duty."

Even when he had happily freed himself from the control of the

Society, he still did not always meet with the treatment which he deserved. So late as 1865, when he was setting out on his last journey, the Foreign Office "propounded a scheme that he should have a commission," giving him certain authority. When a formal proposal was submitted to him it contained "the additional proviso that he was to be entitled to no pension." As for a pension, he had never asked for it. "When Earl Russell was appealed to, he would only promise a salary when Dr. Livingstone should have settled somewhere." The Geographical Society did not treat him with much more respect in the agreement that it made with him. "For mere board and no lodgings," he indignantly wrote, "I was to work for years and hand over the results to them." But nothing could repress the noble ardour which inspired him. "I don't know," he at one time wrote to one of his friends, "whether I am to go on the shelf or not. If I do, I make Africa the shelf." When he seemed to be lost to us then was his great worth seen, and then no efforts were spared to recover him from "the dark continent," whence for so long a time no tidings of him came. In Westminster Abbey such honour was done to him as can be done to the dead; but we know not whether he would not have better found his last resting-place where he had once wished that it might be. "I have often wished," he wrote, "that it might be in some far-off, still, deep forest, where I may sleep sweetly till the resurrection morn, when the trump of God will make all start up into the glorious and active second existence."

SPINOZA.*

SPINOZA is one of those thinkers who are destined to be not without honour save in their own age. From the very interesting sketch of the history of Spinoza's reputation which Mr. Pollock gives us in his concluding chapter we can see that the causes of the temporary neglect are also those of the subsequent appreciation. Spinoza was a man clearly in advance of his age, and he had to suffer the penalties attaching to all inconvenient precocity. He broke too completely with the reigning scholastic and theological modes of thought in his views on nature, man, and the objects of human life, to escape the full intensity of the *odium theologorum*. But, in thus parting company with contemporary ideas, he was moving towards modern modes of conception. His was a mind in many ways touched by the modern spirit. Consequently there has naturally arisen a reactionary movement of admiring appreciation. And this movement has been sustained by the powerful attractions belonging to Spinoza's personality. The picture of the learned and meditative Jew quietly plying his humble craft, undismayed by social persecution, and not disturbed by vain social ambitions, but just content with ennobling his meagre surroundings and homely activities with lofty thoughts into which others could not enter, and with a high moral ideal—this picture which Mr. Pollock paints for us with a fine artistic touch is one which could not fail to have a charm for those, of whom the first was Lessing, who may be said to have discovered Spinoza for our century. It may be added that even those whose principles obliged them to reject Spinoza's teaching have confessed to the charm of his character. Thus Voltaire writes of "le sophiste géométrique Spinoza, dont la modération, le désintéressement et la générosité ont été dignes d'Épicure."

The first thing that strikes one is that the modern appreciation of Spinoza has begun and has been most extensive among those who stand outside the philosophic circle. This is at first sight surprising; for, if ever there was a thinker who, by the difficulties of many of his conceptions—which were fully exposed by contemporary critics, and more particularly by Tschirnhausen—and the severity of his method, might antecedently be supposed to address himself specially to the philosophic caste, it is surely Spinoza. To read him even with the aid of Mr. Pollock's able exposition, with its simple language and its familiar conceptions, is often sufficiently difficult; and in the original he seems to us, in the external manner of his philosophizing, quite as repellent to the ordinary literary mind as Kant himself. Yet men so little given to a special study of philosophy as Lessing and Herder, Goethe, Heine, Auerbach the novelist, and, in our own country, Shelley and Mr. Matthew Arnold, have been powerfully attracted to Spinoza, and have acknowledged his profound influence on their mental development. And while the literary and poetic mind has thus been impressed by Spinoza's teaching, the modern scientific intellect is, according to Mr. Pollock, turning more and more towards him. To account for this far-reaching and growing influence of Spinoza without as well as within the philosophic circle may be said to be one object of Mr. Pollock's volume. To understand this we must go below the surface of his philosophy, though it is possible that there may be something in its geometric exactness and symmetry of form which has exerted a charm on some minds. The power of Spinoza resides partly in his speculative theories, but much more in the ethical teaching for which these are the preparation. In spite of its scholastic dress, Spinoza's system is a great simplification of previous philosophy, and in many ways an approach to a positive scientific conception of the world and man. Moreover, it is made to yield a moral doctrine which has a singular beauty and grandeur, and

* *Spinoza: his Life and Philosophy*. By Frederick Pollock, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

which may compare favourably with the highest ethical constructions of ancient and modern times.

The philosophy of Spinoza has its ancestry in the teaching of Descartes on one side, and on the other in that of the Arabic and Jewish schools. The question of the amount of influence due to each of these two sources, as also to Neo-Platonism working through Giordano Bruno, is ably discussed by Mr. Pollock in the full light of recent research. He points out that too much has been attributed to the influence of Descartes, who supplied him with little if anything beyond his physics. Yet his own view seems perhaps to err slightly in the other direction. The influence of Descartes appears to be discernible not only in Spinoza's whole method, which is simply Descartes's mathematical conception of philosophy more fully elaborated, but also in many of the details of his teaching; for example, in the peculiar use of the term *objective*, p. 131, in the account of the emotions, which is by no means so different from that given by Descartes as Spinoza would have us believe. But, while thus fettered by the shreds of scholastic forms, Spinoza was, according to our author, feeling his way towards a scientific *Weltanschauung*. The mythical element derived from Jewish tradition became less and less prominent as he developed his system, while the scientific element came more clearly into sight. Mr. Pollock avowedly looks at Spinoza from the point of view of modern science, and seeks to emphasize those aspects of Spinoza's system which approach modern forms of thought. It seems probable that, with all the care which the author has taken to mark the interval between the age of Spinoza and our own—as when, for example, he rightly distinguishes between Spinoza's impulse of self-preservation (*conatus*) and the same idea in the hands of Mr. Darwin (p. 117)—he tends, on the whole, to exaggerate the amount of affinity. It is always difficult not to import our own way of thinking into the words of a remote writer whom we are strongly desirous of understanding; and when there is a conscious attempt to connect such a thinker with the present, the illusion of a too great propinquity is almost certain to arise. There is no doubt that, as compared with Descartes, Spinoza is scientific. His sweeping away of the dualisms left by Descartes—namely, that between God and the world as a whole, between the two substances mind and matter, and between man and human life and nature—all this is clearly a simplification of our conception of the universe which exactly answers to the scientific spirit. And this all-embracing unity is doubtless that which has attracted men like Goethe, who thus describes the effect of Spinoza on his mind:—"I found here that which stilled the emotions; a wide and free prospect over the physical and moral world disclosed itself before me" (p. 395). More than this, it is obvious that by his elimination of final causes, his denial of free will, and the naturalistic view of the world and human life resulting from these negations, Spinoza approached the positive standpoint of modern science. But when we have said this we have said all, so far as the speculative part of Spinoza's teaching is concerned. To say, as Mr. Pollock does, that the monistic view of Spinoza—namely, that every physical process has its mental correlate, conscious or unconscious, and that both are but two aspects of one process—is the modern scientific view, appears to us somewhat to confuse the boundaries of science and metaphysics. So far as M. Taine and G. H. Lewes, or any other modern writers, hold this view, they do so much more *quâ* metaphysicians than *quâ* scientists. One may concede that at more than one point Spinoza's doctrine touches the results of modern physiological psychology. In his conception of the psychical and the physical chain of events as each complete in itself, he undoubtedly made a brilliant anticipation of modern teaching. And, more than this, it may be allowed that this later teaching fits in very well with the metaphysical view of Spinoza. Yet there is clearly no necessary relation between them, and a man may accept all the teaching of modern science and remain in the end a pure idealist, equally opposed to every theory of absolute substance or things-in-themselves. Whether or not science leads a man on to philosophic monism is largely a matter of individual mental organization. We suspect that this is substantially Mr. Pollock's own view; yet his words easily seem to imply more. To identify Spinoza's philosophy and modern scientific thought overmuch appears to us to leave the effect of this philosophy on men like Goethe and Heine unexplained. To them it was surely the final unity of the "world-all," the vision of the phenomenal world of individual things playing like surface waves upon the vast and deep ocean of real existence, which appeared so fascinating an element in Spinoza's teaching. One may perhaps go further, and doubt whether, even supposing that modern men of science must have a seventeenth-century metaphysic, Spinoza's system is the most modern. Mr. Pollock touches on the objection brought against Spinoza's philosophy by Schelling and Hegel that it is "lifeless, rigid, motionless," but appears to regard it as hardly intelligible (p. 398). Yet an evolutionist must certainly miss much in Spinoza, the want of which he might describe very well in the words here used. Spinoza's system gives us nothing but the statics of existence, determines the relation of individual things to the underlying attributes, and of these again to the uniting substance, conceived as co-existent one with another. While he gains a glimpse of the truth of a gradation of being, he makes no use of this in explaining the development of things. In truth, it is evident from his general disregard of the category of time in looking at the world—which category, to judge from his peculiar doctrine of the eternity of intellectual existence, he appears to think altogether unreal—as well as from his incapacity to conceive

social and political institutions as a process of growth and adaptation, that he had no glimmering of those ideas of progress and development which were to fill the air at the close of the following century, and to which Schelling and Hegel, each in his own way, tried to give philosophic expression. Looked at on this side, Spinoza's system seems to be far less modern than that of Leibnitz, which not only comes much nearer to recent scientific ideas of matter in its conception of monads, but in which the idea of development plays so conspicuous a part. And, as a matter of fact, we suspect that in Germany at least—to judge, among other signs, by a curious essay on the relation of the ideas of Leibnitz to modern scientific conceptions not long since published by Du-Bois Reymond—the influence of Spinoza's successor on the modern scientific mind is far greater than his own. If we add to this the truth, fully admitted by Mr. Pollock, that Spinoza does not draw the obvious distinction between the relation of mind and matter as co-existent events on one side, and as aspects of cognition (subject and object) on the other; that, in point of fact, he has no theory of knowledge, and so cannot render an account of those mental processes which all science assumes, as the system of Hume or of Kant can do, it seems vain to expect, as Mr. Pollock's words appear to imply (p. 399), that Spinoza is to become the philosopher of men of science.

That Spinoza will still attract men of science as well as others we can readily believe; but he will do this, we suspect, much more on the practical than on the theoretical side. It is pretty certain that, even with a mind like Lessing's or Goethe's, it was much more the ethical unity which Spinoza brought into human life than any theoretic unity which he brought into the universe that drew and fascinated. Goethe, indeed, says in the passage already referred to, "What chiefly drew me to Spinoza was the boundless unselfishness that shone forth in every sentence." And the same may perhaps be said of Mr. Pollock himself. Kant, in working out his ethical system, had to reintroduce hyper-empirical ideas, such as freedom and immortality, which he professed to have rejected in his speculative system. Spinoza does nothing of the sort. In spite of the decided flavour of mysticism about the curious doctrine of the intellectual love of God, the difficulties of which tax all Mr. Pollock's resources (p. 289), the practical teaching of Spinoza is, as a whole, thoroughly human and naturalistic. As Mr. Pollock more than once points out, it has marked affinities with the Stoical doctrine; though it is highly improbable that Spinoza was intimately acquainted with this or indeed with any of the classical systems of philosophy.

The full and interesting account of Spinoza's ethical teaching here given us may be read with profit by men of all views. One could hardly find a finer moral idea than this, with its equal insistence on the obligations of the social state and on the demands of individual liberty, and its curious Greek elevation of the intellectual life—which, however, though free from passionate agitation, has its own pleasurable enthusiasm—into the first place. And then this ideal is based on a thoroughly scientific view of man's nature, and does not depend on any transcendental ideas. For, whatever ideas we may have to attach to such terms as God, *natura naturans*, and so on, in the speculative part, there is no doubt that in the practical part, what Spinoza means by the intellectual love of God is, as Mr. Pollock shows, hardly distinguishable from that modern "Cosmic emotion" which is said to be inspired by a view of the order of the world as a whole. Mr. Pollock appears to think that this emotion is destined to take the place of the older religious sentiment with modern minds. This point we cannot discuss here. Yet it may be well to remark that the conditions of our busy modern life probably leave less room for any such habitual quietism as Spinoza preaches, and which his state of tranquil isolation so highly favoured. To this it may be added that quietism can hardly be demonstrated on strictly natural grounds. Spinoza's argument that to know the cause of a misery is to become indifferent to it is certainly open to criticism; for the example given (p. 284) goes to show, not that we bear what we understand, but that we bear what we get used to.

Too much praise can hardly be given to Mr. Pollock for the thoroughness with which he has carried out his difficult work. The critical sifting of authorities, the painstaking in getting at Spinoza's meaning, including the careful illustration of the system by the correspondence, the method of setting forth Spinoza's doctrine, first by a brief statement in the expounder's own words, followed by a fuller detailed statement in which Spinoza is made to speak for himself in idiomatic English, the combination of admiring appreciation with independence of judgment, all this is highly meritorious. If there is anything to complain of here, it is the omission of illustration by historical allusion, as, for example, the pointing out of the direct relation of what Spinoza says about the emotion of wonder to the curious account of this emotion contained in the *Passions* of Descartes. We may add that Mr. Pollock throughout shows the results of a culture at once wide and deep. His scientific knowledge, and more especially perhaps his acquaintance with certain tendencies in modern psychology, everywhere stands him in good stead; and sometimes, as in a remarkable passage on determinism (p. 203), he gives us some very pregnant independent hints on the best solution of the questions touched on. In addition to this he shows the advantages of a legally trained mind, both generally in the judicial attitude which he takes up with respect to controverted points, and specially in

weighing matters of evidence. And this training bears yet more palpable fruit when the writer is dealing with Spinoza's ethical and political conceptions. Last, and not least, Mr. Pollock writes in a clear and forcible style, which can on occasion be unstinting and generous in its eloquence.

ERRANT.*

IN his new novel Mr. Percy Greg has come down from the zodiac, and has confined himself to the ways and circumstances of middle earth. We do not think that he has lost thereby. Whatever may once have been the case, an eccentric setting is rather against than in favour of the currency of a story nowadays. But, in descending from the neighbourhood of the Scorpion and the Sagittary, Mr. Greg has by no means abandoned his fancy for discharging arrows and directing stings at the weak points of his fellow-mortals. We happen to be among the mortals whom these stings and arrows do not gall, and therefore we can read *Errant* with equanimity, and occasionally with much satisfaction. But it is probable that a considerable number of readers will resort to that manœuvre which Mr. Thomas Hughes once deprecated in his own case, and "pitch the book to the other end of the room." Mr. Percy Greg would, we have no doubt, contemplate this proceeding with feelings rather of pleasure than of annoyance, so there is no harm done by the indication of its exceeding probability.

Errant differs from the majority of novels in one important point. Its beginning is very much its weakest point. And it is not until the book is half over that it thoroughly interests, and, so to speak, enlists the reader. There have been authors who ostentatiously wrote novels without a hero; Mr. Greg's novel consists of a hero and hardly anything else. All the other characters are merely foils or adjuncts to Lionel Darcy, Marquis d'Ultramar, a gentleman who combines the bluest of English with the bluest of French blood, and who bears, except that his biographer can write English and does not misquote either the French or the Latin or the Greek language, a rather parlous semblance to the heroes of the late George Lawrence and the living Ouida. We say that Mr. Greg can write English, and he undoubtedly can. But there is one irritating solecism which he perpetually puts in the mouths of his choicest characters, and which we heartily wish away. This is the use of the plural contraction "don't" for the singular contraction "doesn't." There was once, we believe, a vague notion, founded on little warranty of Scripture or conversation, that persons of otherwise irreproachable speech indulged in this hideously ugly fault. But as for the last thirty years—and Mr. Greg's story is entirely comprised in the last five-and-twenty—no one above the rank of a grocer has attempted it. We really don't know why Mr. Greg should sully the lips of his descendant of a hundred marquises therewith. This, however, is by the way. Lionel Darcy, to return to our story, is introduced to us on the eve of the Indian Mutiny at a station in India. He is only just a man as years go, but his general conduct is that of a seasoned *preux* of five-and-thirty. If he does not turn up the lip, curl the nose, and flash the eye quite so much as his brethren of the clans of Livingstone and Chandos, he makes up for it by the most outrageous *outrecuidance* of speech and behaviour, and by deeds which are worthy of Amadis or Almansor. He chooses to patronize (quite harmlessly) a Eurasian girl named Zela Manton, and this patronage exposes him to several unpleasant remarks from his seniors, to which he replies with something more than controlment for controlment. At this time he is introduced to a travelling American, a Southerner, who has with him two pretty, but very young, daughters. The Mutiny, which of course Darcy has fully foreseen, breaks out, and he distinguishes himself brilliantly, enlists a wavering native prince in the service of the English, helps him to defend his fastness against the mutineers, rescues many English ladies, and is finally invalided home with an immense fame, a certainty of the Victoria Cross, and other good things, besides the tolerably evident love of one of those whom he has rescued, Helen Kavanagh, who nurses him on the way back. On arriving in England he finds his father dead, and the severity of his wounds seems to deprive him of much chance of success in his profession. But he is as all-accomplished as the wise man of old, though by no means of a stoical turn. A journalist whom he has known in India is editor of a London newspaper, and Darcy, youthful as he is, is soon engaged in writing political articles of the usual effective kind. Friends and enemies of his family, too, begin to interest themselves in him, and his career, either military or civil, seems to be assured. At the very time, however, when all seems to go well, Zela Manton appears upon the scene, and everything goes wrong. It is in vain that Darcy is restored to health, and that his sister marries a nobleman of influence and of a romantic history, the uncle of Helen Kavanagh, whose inclination for Darcy is not hidden. Zela, suddenly deprived of her mother (an Indian Rane, who dies chagrined at the failure of a suit she has against the Government), flings herself on Darcy's protection, with the alternative only of suicide, which she actually tries. His family pride forbids marriage, and the renewal of the old scandals leads him after her sudden death to assault an old Indian enemy so ferociously, that a duel with a fatal termination results. His commission is forfeited, and his career closed.

We have analysed the book up to this point, because we think that a good many readers would be well advised if they began in the middle of the second volume. Up to this, there is a good deal of what Thackeray used to call topsy-turvature in Major Lionel Darcy, of Ulswater, Marquis d'Ultramar. As he is represented as a Roman Catholic, it is probable that he had missed the wholesome discipline of a public school, and, as he seems to have entered the army early, he must doubtless also have missed the perhaps still more wholesome discipline of the Universities. He is, in truth, in the first volume and part of the second, a very ill-conditioned young man, childishly intoxicated with family pride, and apparently unaware that English gentlemen do not, as a rule, ram their crests and pedigrees down the throats of their associates, or behave as if they themselves had those crests and pedigrees packed into their own backbones. There are passages in the life of Lionel Marquis d'Ultramar at which the firmest believer in blue blood and the staunchest of Tories must feel inclined to ejaculate, with my Lord Egham, "Oh, come, I say, sink the heraldry!" But when the Marquis, or Major Darcy (whichever the reader prefers), has killed his man, and has come into a large fortune, and, though unable to revisit England, has all the world free to him save these islands, then Mr. Percy Greg warms to his work. Lionel finds his way to Louisiana, and from the point where he does so we shall leave the reader to follow his fortunes for himself. They are worth following. Mr. Percy Greg, like the enormous majority of English gentlemen fifteen years ago, was apparently a strong partisan of the Confederacy, and, unlike some at least of those who answer to that designation, he has not changed his creed in deference to the insolent game of fortune. Darcy reaches his future home in time to rescue his old acquaintances in India, the Miss Duponts, from the horrible fate which, as a possibility, was the great reproach capable of being brought against the old *régime* of the Southern States; and soon afterwards the war breaks out, and he enters heart and soul into the Confederate service. The battle-scenes of the first volume (which is occupied with the Indian Mutiny) do not lack vigour; but those in the third, where the Secession War is dealt with, are beyond doubt among the most vigorous and stirring things of the kind which have found a place in prose fiction for some years. Sympathizers with the North may possibly read them with a wry face; but even they should allow that a man must take a side, and that, if he takes it, he may as well take it heartily. We shall, moreover, go so far as to say that no one who is acquainted with the actual facts of the war can honestly attempt to charge Mr. Greg with exaggerating the deeds of the Northern troops under Generals Sherman, Butler, and others. It was interesting the other day to see that there was a plan of bringing over the conqueror of New Orleans to defend Mr. Parnell and his friends. Difficulties as to *locus standi* are believed to have deterred Mr. Attorney-General Butler, and perhaps, too, there may have been other difficulties. But, since it has been proposed to import into Her Majesty's dominions persons of this kind, we can only regard Mr. Greg's book as exceedingly timely.

This timeliness, however, is only an accident, and *Errant* must repose its claims on its actual pathos and its actual vigour. In neither of these, we think, especially if the reader's attention be, as we have recommended, concentrated on the last half or two-thirds of the book, is it likely to be found wanting. Although, as we have said, the subsidiary characters are purposely subordinated to the overshadowing figure of the hero, there are several which, if Mr. Greg had taken a little more pains with them, would have come out very well. Of exciting incident, moreover, even beyond the limits of the two great struggles with which the plot is chiefly busied, there is enough and to spare. But there is no doubt that the author has wished to concentrate himself on the drawing of a knightly character, wrecked in consequence of his obstinate and intemperate clinging to his own ideals, and of the incompatibility of modern circumstances with his temperament and character. We have said that at first the presentment is only very partially successful. Darcy, when we first make his acquaintance, is rather, as far as age and position goes, a page than a knight, and, despite his remarkable pistol practice with a tiger in the first twenty or thirty pages, one feels that his chief characteristic is, on the whole, what is called in modern days "cheek." He should have been younger, so that more excuse might have been made for him, or older, so that there might have been less need for excuse in order to secure that sympathy which is so necessary for a hero. As it is, it is not till he bids his ten thousand dollars for Florence Dupont that the reader consents to regard him as other than a valiant cub. Thenceforward, though his conduct will be terribly shocking to the Peace Society and the Aborigines Protection Society, and a great many other Societies besides, one really does not see what else he could have done than that which he actually did, considering the network of difficulty which his good deeds and his bad together had woven around him. Of the bad deeds, though perhaps the adjective is on the whole harsh, his action in regard to Zela Manton is certainly the worst, and it is also the worst thing about Mr. Greg's book from the point of view of art. Darcy's conduct, combined with his motives, is not by any means impossible in itself, but Mr. Greg has not altogether made its possibility, let alone its probability, as clear from the account he gives of it as a novelist should do. In this, and in the obstinate bloodthirstiness of the quarrel which he fixes upon his victim, Colonel Thomson, are to be found the ethical reasons of the hero's melancholy end, for it is no revealing of secrets to say that it is melancholy. Upon these

* *Errant*. By Percy Greg. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 133s.

two things, therefore, the novelist was bound to expend his skill to make them as natural and as excusable as possible. Mr. Greg has not quite succeeded in doing this, and here, as well as in his *Lawrencisms* and *Ouidaisms* already mentioned, lies the weakness of his book. It is, however, by no means alone in such weaknesses, while it has but few companions in the peculiar strength and blood-stirringness of the battle scenes of which it is full.

TO CABUL WITH THE CAVALRY BRIGADE.*

IF amateur authors like Major Mitford did not enter the field of literature by choice, they would have a strong personal grievance against Special Correspondents. It must be difficult for them to set down their feet on ground that has not been repeatedly covered by the tracks of writers whose business is observation; and, unless they have an exceptional talent for effective narrative, their descriptions are sure to be eclipsed in point of picturesqueness. Of course, sooner or later, the historians must follow the Correspondents, when a comparison of the various hasty sketches by the latter will furnish the materials to be utilized by the former. But in the meantime, the reading public has had its curiosity gratified, and perhaps satiated. Events tread fast upon events, and one excitement is rapidly effaced by another. From an army standing on its defence behind the entrenchments of Sherpur people's eyes are turned upon squadrons at their moorings in the Adriatic; and Afghanistan is forgotten for South Africa, or for the still nearer and more thrilling sensations of Ireland. So writers like Major Mitford are apt to slip down between two stools, and can hardly hope for any great popularity. Not that Major Mitford has pitched his hopes very high, judging by the modesty of his brief preface. His book professes to be nothing more than a sketch of personal experiences. He disclaims all intention of being technically critical, confining himself merely to accurate reporting. And, although naturally desirous that his volume may be made generally welcome, he addresses it chiefly as a memorial of the campaign to his commander and his brother officers. So far we may give it honest praise. It is the straightforward story of a spirited soldier, who saw a good deal of exciting service. As a cavalry officer, frequently detached with small parties of horse upon special duties, Major Mitford experienced a greater variety of personal incidents than would have fallen to the lot of his brethren of the line; and some circumstances came under his personal observation which, so far as we know, have hitherto escaped notice. His few illustrations are excellent, and give a vivid idea of the general character of the country, while every here and there he depicts some scene, such as the bazaars of Cabul or the fruit markets of the city, so as to show that he can use the pen to as good purpose as the pencil.

In the summer of 1879, after the massacre of Cavagnari and his companions, the 14th Bengal Lancers received their orders for Afghanistan. For three months the regiment, being quartered at Koorum, had been suffering from heat, malaria, and ennui. The change to active service was eagerly welcomed, and it was a good sign of the morale of the men that invalids entreated to be passed by the doctor. The doctor declined to be lenient; and, as the event proved, he acted wisely. The duties imposed on the men were severe; and they had to face the winter temperature of the Afghan highlands with insufficient clothing and a meagre commissariat. The horses that carried them on incessant scouting service were often underfed; and, thanks apparently to the influence of routine on the authorities, attention to the most ordinary comforts was often almost wantonly neglected. There was a striking example of this when they were ordered to keep under arms through the night when an attack on the entrenchments of Sherpur was expected. There was forage in comparative abundance within the lines; and had trusses of straw been given out for the men to spread upon the snow, they would have been just as palatable for their horses afterwards. The gentlemen of the commissariat department seem to have thought differently. Men recruited from the hot provinces of Lower Bengal bivouacked as best as they could on the frozen ground and *à la belle étoile*. To begin with, their start from the Koorum cantonments was made in the very lightest marching order. This no doubt was indispensable, considering the exigencies of the case; and it certainly seems a satisfactory contrast to the old-fashioned manner of campaigning, when each regiment on the march, whether of infantry or cavalry, was encumbered by an interminable train of baggage animals and swamped in the mixed multitude of its camp followers. The kit of each officer was strictly limited to 160 lbs.; and the half of that was taken up by his tiny double-roofed tent; while the other half comprised his personal luggage. To each camp follower twenty-five pounds was allotted, and as much to each charger. Naturally these unfortunate followers, between impecuniosity, parsimony, and improvidence, neglected to make the most simple arrangements for their own comfort; and of course they suffered accordingly when winter caught them in all its severity on the exposed plateaux of Cabul. Major Mitford afterwards mentions casually how he purchased ample supplies of warm over-clothing for his personal

attendants, which spared them the diseases that proved so deadly to others. But Major Mitford was a kind master and a man of means; and at that time he happened to be within easy reach of the extortionate merchants in the bazaars of the capital. The men of the 14th had stripped for active service. They cast their gay uniforms of blue, scarlet, and gold, replacing them with unsightly and coloured casings; while the jackboots were exchanged for more useful highlows, and the lower limbs were swathed in bandages of woollen. The troopers had orders to march out on foot; and the horses were loaded with canvas bags, containing five days' forage and provender. Considering that the men had been born and bred for the most part on the plains of Hindostan, the climbing the sides of the Kotul was rough and trying work. Major Mitford's sketches give an impressive idea of the forbidding and formidable aspect of the mountains. When we remember the inaccessibility of these natural fastnesses, which must often have neutralized our superiority in cavalry and guns, officers and men seem to deserve the greatest credit for the results of a desultory and irregular warfare. The Afghans speedily learned to make the most of these natural advantages. Major Mitford repeatedly describes how the masses of wild mountaineers would scatter from their already broken formation when they came within range of our artillery. Nevertheless they would still press forward, though in excessively loose and open order, taking advantage of each rock and stone that offered a chance of cover. Each village, also, was more or less of a fortress. The villages were enclosed in high walls of tenacious clay, and secured by formidable gates, which were duly barred and bolted. Then the mud walls that bordered the roads and bridle-tracks offered continual opportunities for ambushes, which not unfrequently proved fatal to one party or the other. Major Mitford relates one *ruse de guerre* where he took an opportunity of turning the tables on a skulking enemy. Riding as usual at the head of the squadron in a narrow lane, an Afghan popped up over a wall and took a shot at him point-blank. Happily the bullet miscarried, and the *franc tireur* dropped down again like a Jack-in-the-box. Major Mitford, guessing his tactics, ordered the troop to ride ahead; while, drawing back himself, he quietly waited. The Afghan, hearing the receding troop, rose again to enfilade the rear of the detachment; when a shot at short range from the Major's revolver anticipated his friendly intention.

After the treachery that had brought our embassy to its untimely end, and dealing as we had to do with a nation that never practised the chivalrous refinements of warfare, retribution of course was often summary. Some of the most exciting of the incidents in Major Mitford's volume relate the arrest or execution of spies or guerillas who had sought to play their captors false, and suffered accordingly. Among other events of the kind, Major Mitford, when in the company of General Roberts, chanced to witness the execution of the Kotul, or chief magistrate of Cabul, condemned for his complicity in the murder of Cavagnari. The Kotul, whatever his guilt, met his fate like a man, and died with the dignified stoicism of a genuine Mussulman. He had dressed for the closing scene in a garb of green, as became one who may have claimed descent from the Prophet. He moved forward to the scaffold with a firm step, calmly testing the strength of the drop before setting his foot upon it; and, finally resigning himself to the indignity of being pinioned, died without a sign of flinching. There was a hot chase, too, after several of the "generals" who had commanded the Herat regiments and the Cabul populace in that unhappy *émeute*. Major Mitford had the good fortune to capture one of them, under rather peculiar circumstances. He was guided by a Kizil Bash who had returned to his old loyalty to the English after taking service with the Afghans. The general they had gone in search of was believed to be in hiding in one of several villages. Major Mitford had searched a village in vain, paying special attention to the dwelling of the head-man. It occurred to him that the fugitive must still be there; and that, if he were there, he had probably taken refuge in the last sanctuary of the zenana. Giving the ladies warning to veil themselves, he insisted on having admission. And the General was dragged from his hiding-place accordingly, to be brought in due course before the military tribunals, where execution followed summarily on conviction. In one case he was baffled, and had the joke against him, when in pursuit of the Lönáb, or "Chief Commissioner" of Kokistan. That functionary was reported to have gone away towards the north-east, carrying with him an immense amount of valuable loot and a considerable quantity of specie. Following up the chase, Major Mitford nearly ran into the runaway at a certain village. All the able-bodied men and women had been pressed as carriers of luggage, and they had left nobody behind except a few rather intelligent children. The fugitive had so unsatisfactory a start that it was idle to carry the pursuit further. Major Mitford had to console himself with the discovery of a large quantity of valuable plunder that had been left behind, and accordingly he despatched messengers to Cabul for the requisite baggage animals. What excited him the most was one ponderous case firmly shut down by screw nails. He hardly doubted that it contained the coveted specie. But when the case was opened on the following day in the English camp in the centre of a circle of excited spectators, the contents proved to be only a mirror, and a very indifferent one. We should have fancied that Major Mitford might have been sooner undeceived by the difference in weight between plate-

* *To Cabul with the Cavalry Brigade: a Narrative of Personal Experiences with the Force under General Sir F. S. Roberts, G.C.B.* By Major R. C. W. Mitford, 14th Bengal Lancers. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

glass and bullion. But in any case, the story is a good one, and the volume abounds in lively writing of the kind. As a familiar tale freshly told, with additions and revisions, *To Caubul with the Cavalry Brigade* is quite worth reading.

HEROES OF HISTORY AND LEGEND.*

WE are told in the preface to this volume that the translation has been undertaken at the request of the Chairman of the British and Foreign Blind Association, "in order to provide in a popular form a brief outline of European history, to be embossed for the use of the blind"; and that it is also published in ordinary type "to bring the book within the reach of a wider circle of readers." In judging of a work thus designed for two classes of readers the claims of the blind must surely be first taken into account. The responsibility of those who provide information on any subject is increased in proportion to the pupil's power or lack of power to test the statements put before him. The historian who has to write a narrative without notes or references is bound to be doubly careful, not merely as to the exactness of his story, but as to the clearness with which he states the amount and the quality of the evidence adducible for it. He must be even more thoroughly on his guard if he is writing for those whom a terrible affliction has left comparatively helpless for the task of sifting or scrutinizing the materials brought before them. If this volume had been translated simply for those who can see, we should have had no difficulty in speaking of its merits or its shortcomings; but when the literature specially prepared for the blind is so scanty, it becomes our duty to see whether and how far it is likely to answer its purpose, which can only be that of imparting sound knowledge, and withholding from them anything which they would have to unlearn. We are not told that Dr. Grube wrote his book for the special benefit of the blind; nor have we any right to conclude that he designed it as an outline of European history. If he did so design it, he has failed. It is not an outline of European history, even if we confine the narrative to what is called modern history. If we are to have an account of the origin of Christian monachism, it is not easy to see why we should dwell on the lives of Egyptian ascetics to the exclusion of those who laid its foundation in the West; or why, in a chapter on religious movements in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, the greater part of the space should be given to the rise and growth of Islam. We can scarcely be said to have an outline of English history when we have three or four pages about Alfred the Great, one or two about Edmund Ironside and Cnut, and one or two more about William the Conqueror, while of subsequent ages we are told nothing.

But the materials of the volume are not all of one kind; and it is on this point that a book prepared for the blind must be most rigidly tested. It may perhaps be urged that the twofold character of its contents is sufficiently indicated by the title, which professes to treat of heroes of history and legend. But, even in the case of those who can use their eyes and are so far able to compare the statements of one book with the statements of another, we should have to ask what help is given them in the task of distinguishing between the two kinds of matter. We have seemingly some which is historical and some which is not historical; but, if the two are often thrust or huddled together in a single chapter or a single page, how is the reader to know when he passes from one to the other? The life of Woden or Odin immediately precedes that of Arminius, the destroyer of the legends of Varus. To the latter a date is given; for the former there is, we were going to say, none; but we remembered that there are histories, not very ancient even now, which set down the precise year in which Jupiter entered on active life in Crete. In another chapter Siegfried and Roland, Pope Urban II. and Godfrey of Bouillon, the lion-hearted Richard and Philip Augustus, are brought on the stage together. If there is nothing to show that our information about Siegfried is wholly different in kind from that which we have for the age of the Council of Clermont, it is hard enough on the average of readers who can see; it is most unjust for the blind.

But the preface further tells us that the original text has not always been adhered to. Changes have been made in some instances "where names, dates, or facts were obviously inaccurate." The translated volume claims, therefore, to speak with more authority than the German of Dr. Grube. We can but put it to the proof; and we may take certain points which none will wish to banish to the region of legend, whatever meaning we may assign to this last rather ambiguous word. If it is necessary for the reader to know anything about our tithings and hundreds, our shires and counties, it is surely of the first importance that he should know the order of their growth. In the present volume their origin is accounted for in the following fashion:—Alfred the Great was most anxious, it seems, to put down robbery and violence of every kind; this result he felt that he could bring about only by "making the English themselves responsible"; and he could make them responsible only by a systematic subdivision of the country. Accordingly, "he divided England into shires, the shire into hundreds, and the hundred again into tithings." If this means anything, it means that the original unit was the

shire, that the tithing was a secondary notion, and therefore that the idea of the families, into which the tithing was divided, came last of all. If the real growth was precisely the reverse of this, then this version of Dr. Grube's work can scarcely be a book which may be placed with advantage in the hands of the blind. If any changes were to be made in the author's text, it is unfortunate that the reader could not be told here that the shire must not be looked on as a division of the kingdom, or the mark as a division of the shire, and that all the shires of England could not have been formed or named by Alfred, for the simple reason that they were in existence before he was born. With the same lofty disregard of accuracy the reader is assured that "as the battle of Xeres gave all Spain to the Arabs, so the single battle of Hastings subjected all England to the Normans." It is unfortunate that historians tell a very different tale.

It matters little to what part of the volume we turn. We may take the chapter which treats of Mahomet and the faith preached by the apostle of the sword. This, to be sure, is not immediately a portion of the history of Europe; but, if anything is to be said about it, the reader should most carefully be warned that, along with genuine historical evidence, and with testimony much of which is indubitably contemporary, there has sprung up a mass of tradition, none of which can be taken on its own authority. But in this chapter the story which makes Gabriel take the heart of Mahomet from his body and wipe away the black drops of original sin, and the more elaborate tale which describes the journey on Al Borak to Jerusalem and the ascent of the prophet on the golden staircase to the heaven of heavens, are given as proceeding in their present form from Mahomet himself. Not a hint is given that neither narrative has any countenance from the Koran beyond a phrase or a single sentence; still less are we told that the fiction of the physical cleansing of the heart exhibits a miracle in the very process of manufacture, from the simple confession of Mahomet that while he was still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity God had touched his heart. It would be well that the blind reader were made aware that the night journey and the ascent to heaven, the description of which here fills more than a page, may be referred to in the verse of the Sura, which praises God for carrying His servant by night from the Sacred Temple to the further Temple that He might show him some of His signs, but is certainly not referred to anywhere in the Koran. The passage which pronounces judgment on the teaching of Mahomet and its results is not more happy. We are told, indeed, that "this religion appears as the handmaid of sensuality"; that "it represses the spirit of freedom and encourages superstition"; but the conclusion of the matter is that "it has reclaimed the heathen nations, whom it has converted from rude idolatry to the worship of One God; it has diffused reverence for the Creator, obedience to the Ruler, and trust in the Judge of the world, and enjoined many of the virtues which adorn and sanctify life. Justly, therefore, with all the faults inherent in it, may it be regarded as a beneficent dispensation for uncivilized races." We have nothing here which is positively untrue; yet the general impression left on the mind can scarcely fail to be inadequate and misleading. It would be, indeed, impossible for the reader to gather from this volume that the system of Islam has for the most part been forced upon nations and peoples which were not uncivilized at all; that in many cases it has destroyed higher and better systems, and left an intellectual waste or wilderness where it found a well-cultivated garden; and that this fact alone must determine the balance in which the system is weighed. Still more important is the point that it has deliberately sanctioned evils which are acknowledged to be evils, in order to check evils supposed to be yet more deadly. By reforming these partially it has perpetuated them, and has furnished for polygamy, slavery, and despotism a justification of which they can be deprived only by the destruction of the religion itself. The reader is told that the fundamental principle of the religion is that there is one God only, and that Mahomet is his prophet; but he is not told that the revelation which imparted this truth deprived those who refused to accept it of all title to life, and therefore also of all claim to justice, the believer having of course a clear right to treat as he pleases the man whom he might or ought to have slain, and who lives only by his sufferance and mercy.

We have the same fault to find with the chapter on the Hohenstaufen dynasty. Indeed, unless the fact stated be true, a special injustice is done not merely to the reader, but to the great ruler of whom the author speaks, when he tells us that Frederick I., the Redbeard, burnt Arnold of Brescia simply "to please the Pope" (p. 221). If we can believe that Frederick took part in a deed which he knew to be iniquitous merely because he was asked to do so, we place him amongst the worst both of sovereigns and of men; but it is as easy to give the true facts in a history which must be short as in a longer one. Not many words are needed to tell the reader that the teaching of Arnold swept away the whole feudal system, both imperial and pontifical; and that, if he spoke of the temporal sovereign as the sole fountain of honour, power, and wealth, yet this sovereign was with him a popular assembly, and therefore, as Dean Milman puts it, "the alliance of the imperial and pontifical power, which in the end was so fatal to Arnold, was grounded on no idle fear or wanton tyranny, but was an alliance to crush a common enemy." Frederick thus burnt Arnold quite as much to please, or rather to protect, himself as to please or protect the Pope.

Nor is Dr. Grube less wide of the mark when speaking of the oath extorted by the Norman duke William from Harold over the

* *Heroes of History and Legend.* By A. W. Grube. Translated from the German by John Lancelot Shadwell. London: Griffith & Farran. 1880.

chest of relics. He says that, although Harold took the oath, "he did not think himself bound to keep it. His ambition revolted against it; perhaps, also, his patriotism, to which it might seem intolerable that England should fall under foreign domination." Two things are implied in these words—the one being that Harold made the promise with the full intention at the time of breaking it; the other, that Harold was the only person to be consulted in the matter. In full agreement with this implied notion, Dr. Grube goes on to say that, on the Confessor's death, "Harold, with the approval of the English people, immediately ascended the throne." Here, again, the assertion is that the act was that of Harold alone, that he had an inherent right to the throne, and that he asked from the people nothing more than an acknowledgment of that right. It is scarcely necessary to say that the picture is deceptive from beginning to end. No oath of Harold, or of any one else, could bind the English people in things which affected their freedom; Harold had no right to the throne until he was elected by the people, and he never pretended that he had any. The nation had a right to choose whom they would, and they chose Harold. Harold might perhaps have refused to obey their call, but he could scarcely have done so as a good citizen or patriot; and if he obeyed it, he had nothing to do with any promises which the nation had not sanctioned, far less with promises which were forced from him by a constraint equal to that which the armed highwayman exercises on a defenceless victim.

The tenth chapter of the book treats of "the Austrian Emperors," and these, we suppose, are to be regarded as heroes of history rather than of legend. But the story of the life of Albert I. has been mingled by the tradition of a later age with the story of Gessler and Tell. There would, of course, be no harm in introducing this story as a tale which has been thrust into a narrative with which it has nothing whatever to do; but, instead of doing this, Dr. Grube tells his readers that "Gessler determined to test the feelings of those who were most disaffected towards his government and the House of Austria." Then follow the incidents of the cap stuck on the pole, and of Tell's refusal to do obeisance to it, and of the famous ordeal in which he showed his power as an unerring marksman. "With God's help," Dr. Grube adds, "Tell resigned himself to the arduous task, and succeeded in hitting the apple without harming his little son's head." Having given the sequel of the marvellous narrative, he goes on to speak of the battle of Morgarten. All this is utterly misleading. It is, indeed, just possible that a reader closely scrutinizing these pages might see in some of Dr. Grube's remarks grounds for doubting the truth of this wonderful story. He might think it strange that the confederates at Rütli, while they declared that "they would manfully defend their freedom," should declare also "that they would not molest the people or the territories of the house of Hapsburg." The Tell story would not only make such a declaration incomprehensible; it would have furnished to the Emperor a constraining motive for putting down what to him would have been the insolent rebellion of a rude peasantry. It would be no more difficult to give, as Rilliet gives in his work on the origin of the Swiss Confederacy, the true narrative of the time, than to exhibit in its proper light the cause which brought about the death of the Brencian Arnold.

We have taken a few only of many passages on which, if we spoke of them at all, we should be compelled to make similar remarks; but we have perhaps said enough to show that for blind readers this volume is but a questionable boon. This is the more to be regretted as Dr. Grube writes vigorously, and many of the pictures which he draws are vivid and effective. But in such a work as this the duty of distinguishing fact from fiction is paramount; and we cannot say that the author and the translator have adequately discharged it.

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.*

THE short stories of which the names are given on Mrs. Milne Rae's title-page, with another of more recent date which we had lately occasion to notice, have appeared anonymously, their authorship being now for the first time acknowledged under the shelter of what lawyers describe as "coverture." *Hartleigh Towers* is an experiment on a larger scale, and, as the first attempt of its author to occupy the position of the novelist, is entitled to consideration from the writer's, and not merely from the critic's point of view. It may be necessary to point out some defects of workmanship which practice and experience will perhaps remedy; but the motive and aim which are evident throughout this story will go far to compensate for any artistic shortcomings which may be apparent in it. The customary transition from the child's story-book to the "library" novel is very much of the same nature as the corresponding step in poetical literature described in the early years of the present century:—

With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years;
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain—
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.

We make the quotation from *English Bards* without change, though "whining" may perhaps be an epithet little deserved by the child's story-book of the present day, while not a few of the

modern novels which are offered to our "choir of virgins" in the morning room or on the seashore might have startled even the "young Catullus" of the days before the Regency. But even where the novelist's art has strictly limited itself within the bounds of purity, it may yet produce a result which is, or is reasonably considered to be, unsuitable for young girls; and the problem of creating a fiction which shall be sufficiently interesting without being unduly exciting is one which in many domestic circles is regarded as well worth the trouble of solving. The attempt at its solution is analogous in literature to the coffee-tavern movement, in relation to other kinds of "entertainment;" and such an experiment has been made by the author of *Hartleigh Towers*, whose work in its present form is meant to reach a class of readers who are not likely either to take in, or to take up, the successive numbers of a magazine.

The framework of *Hartleigh Towers* is so simple that the story can hardly be described as having any plot whatever. Such plot as was requisite to account for the only and very transparent mystery which exists involves the assumption by the reader of a series of impossibilities; not the least remarkable of which is that the daughter of a gambler, brought up with the understanding that her fate was her fortune and her future dependent on her marriage, should know so little of the world and of the law as to suppose that any agreement for separation from a mad husband could deprive her of her name and rights as a married woman. Her son, Hugh Hartleigh, the hero of the book, enters into possession of his father's estates as a matter of course; while such a succession could only in actual life have accrued through one of the methods known to the law, all of which are barred by the hypothesis presented to the reader. If he succeeded under a marriage settlement or an intestacy, his descent must have been formally established, and he must have known his mother's name; while his individual succession as legatee under a will is rendered impossible by the insanity of the elder Hartleigh. But the author has plainly overlooked the preliminary conditions of the situation which she proposed to create, and in which the mother, working for the benefit of her son's forsaken tenants, was to remain unrecognized by the son, who believed her to have died shortly after his birth. The incidents of the story gather round a neglected mining population which had grown up on the property of an absentee landowner. No one had been found to care for the miners, either in body or soul, except the village doctor, with whose sudden death the scene opens, and whose daughter takes the position of principal heroine among the characters of the novel. But the author has avoided the commonplace device of making the conversion of the hero from his misguided ways due to the influence of love and the heroine, and has been careful instead to trace it to the work and counsel of his unknown mother, and to the example and labours of Dr. Carew, surviving in the character of the miners themselves, or at least of some of them. The main course of the story is connected only in the most incidental way with the subsidiary action, which appears to be introduced chiefly for the purpose of giving the author opportunity for character-drawing, in a series of more or less independent pictures. Like many other lady writers, she has succeeded admirably in her sketches of women, while many of her men are either dummies or failures. Men do not talk as women make them talk in books; and Hoskin's Club is as evidently unreal as the pictures of Mrs. Carew, Louisa Morgan, and that young lady's mother, who sits complacent in a green dress on a blue chair with pink ribbons in her cap, and who talks accordingly, are the reverse. But the best of Mrs. Rae's sketches of character is that of the faithful old Scotchwoman, a family servant who watches over the second heroine in the grim London square where dwells an old miser something, but only something, of the type of Arthur Gride. This old man, Josiah Morgan, is the most lifelike of the male characters outside the principal stream of the story; Caleb Bartlett, the miner, on his own side being nearly as good as Betty Skinner the Scotchwoman. But the real Josiah Morgan would have lent his gold instead of hoarding it; he would have robbed Muriel of her five sovereigns as he did, and cheated the doctor, but he would have turned the contents of his black cabinet into fructifying paper after the manner of his kind. In the future work which we shall hope to see from this author's pen, she will do well, after forming her idea of scenery or character, to test its congruity with the circumstances with which she surrounds it. Even in such minor details as the names of places this point deserves attention. "An old fashioned, ivy-clad house" may have been "known to the inhabitants of St. Oswald's as Mulberry Park, having taken its name from some fine old trees which still flourished on the lawn," although we should more naturally connect such an address with a villa in the suburbs of Birmingham, or with an imposing mansion erected by some prosperous and self-made manufacturer, whose next neighbour had forestalled him in the more impressive designation of "Court," in happy ignorance of, or contempt for, the manorial rights implied by that name. Still, "Mulberry Park" may pass, on the principle laid down by Mr. Squeers; but "Greenwood Gate," as the ancient name of a street or road giving entrance to an historical city or borough, is entirely inadmissible. "Mrs. Carew's new abode at Greenwood Gate was not situated, as its name might imply, on the borders of a leafy forest. All traces of the gate, as well as of the forest, had been long since swept away." Without touching on the disputed question whether "gate" is equivalent to "porta," as seems to be the case in London, or to "via," as is certainly the case in the North, we must object to the "Greenwood" under all

* *Hartleigh Towers: a Story of English Life.* By Mrs. Milne Rae, Author of "Morag," "Geordie's Tryst," "Andrew Gray's Story," &c. 3 vols. London: W. Isbister. 1880.

circumstances. It is true, no doubt, that "'tis merry in good green wood, when the mavis and merle are singing"; but it by no means follows that the "canonized founder" of St. Oswald's or any of his unbeatified contemporaries would have used the term as equivalent to "forest." The "green wood," which is more correctly written in two words, is the wood in its early summer foliage, and is not used as a term for the forest generally, which it does not describe either in its autumnal hues or in its winter nakedness.

It is, however, in the author's conception of the "mines," in which the chief interest of *Hartleigh Towers* centres, that this want of care for circumstances is most singularly observable. They are mines in the abstract, or rather they have an independent and dream-like existence, and are entirely self-contained. There is a public-house frequented by the miners, which passes by the unusual name of "The Coal and Iron," and from this, as well as in other ways, it appears that both coal and iron are obtained on the estate. But there is certainly no railway by which the produce of the miners' industry can be conveyed to the outside world. The railway is no nearer than St. Oswald's, twelve miles from Chadsthorpe, and the village is served by the Highblyer coach; while the negative evidence is conclusive against the existence of a canal. The miners, again, are utterly ignored by the original villagers, who apparently refuse even to become their local customers, and who burn "beech-logs" instead. There are no works connected with the mines, so far as the reader can learn, no foreman, no managers, and no trade. The mines themselves were a standing grievance with the original villagers of Chadsthorpe. They occupied "an undulating tract of moorland" which "had been given by a lord of the manor long ago to the villagers as a place where they might unmolested feed their cows and pigs, and disport themselves generally. This privilege had, however, been rather suddenly taken from them during the lifetime of the last Squire Hartleigh." This was the mad Squire, who, after passing the whole of his earlier life abroad, came back, or was brought back with his boy, in middle age to Hartleigh Towers as a convenient asylum, in the charge of one Dr. Rushworth, who combined the offices of keeper, physician, steward, and agent to the Squire in his single person. "One of Dr. Rushworth's first acts was that of wresting the common from the villagers and establishing the mines under cover of the Squire's authority"; "the opening of a mine in the heart of the furzy common" being, it would seem, a process as simple and easy as the digging of a gravel-pit under ordinary conditions. But Dr. Rushworth in time was "obliged to beat rather a hasty retreat from Chadsthorpe, his connexion with the mines having been a very close, and not altogether a creditable, one." He was succeeded, as a temporary arrangement at first, but, as it happened, permanently, by Walter Carew, a student from St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and, by a close comparison of dates, we find that the change took place during the lifetime of the mad Squire. To what extent, however, the newly arrived doctor succeeded to the functions of his predecessor we are not able to ascertain; and Hugh Hartleigh himself, although some years of his boyhood must have been passed at Hartleigh Towers subsequently to Walter Carew's settlement in the village, is represented as having known nothing about him. "'Tis strange!" is the heir's comment, after he has accidentally been present at the doctor's funeral; "he must surely have been a very different man from his predecessor"; and this while Hugh's childish memories, and especially that of his first home-coming with his father and Dr. Rushworth, are described as being sufficiently clear.

It is not in any spirit of unfriendly criticism that we have pointed out these constructive defects in what is, after all, a very attractive story. Mrs. Milne Rae has shown herself to be possessed of considerable descriptive power and of much insight into character. She has succeeded, too, in one or two scenes in which we may confess that we expected her to break down; a fight, for instance, between two bull-dogs in a miners' public-house being a subject manifestly not within her experience, but yet one which she has treated skilfully and with effect. The point of sympathy between the young miner in his affection for his dog and the young landlord in his affection for his horse is worked out with no little care, and the incident of the burial of the dog in the Chadsthorpe wood is very happily conceived. The faults of detail in *Hartleigh Towers* appear to be only such as greater leisure for revision might have enabled the author to remove in preparing for publication in a completed form a work which had originally appeared in parts, and subject therefore to the usual disadvantages of a serial issue.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

MRS. FREDERICK LOCKER has succeeded to admiration in identifying herself with what Mr. Herbert Spencer would call the "subjectivity" of a blackbird. She describes in *What the Blackbird Said* (George Routledge and Sons) the emotion of natural and not inexcusable disgust with which a young blackbird awakened to find the world wrapped in snow, the most uncomfortable of the works of nature. The complacent confidence and scientific assurance of an elderly cock robin, who has been told all about "the beautiful crystals" in snow-flakes, make a pleasing foil to the discomfiture of the blackbird. When the robin takes

to theology and final causes, when he, like François Villon, "commence à entrer en matière pleine d'érudition et de bon sçavoir," we sympathize with the blackbird's petulance. But Mrs. Locker, we fear, has a veiled didactic intention; and, as Mr. Disraeli was "on the side of the angels," she is of the party of the robin. In spring the detestable robin came out in the line of Mr. Barlow, in *Sandford and Merton*. "You are surprised at all these changes, my young friends," he said; "did I not tell you that the seasons never fail?" This robin must have been a member of a School Board in Pythagoras's time. We cannot help wishing that a small boy and a catapult would cut short his sermon. But children will probably see the erudite robin with more genial and friendly eyes, and cannot but derive much knowledge from his remarks. Of Mr. Caldecott's capital pictures we prefer the first, the Blackbird in the Snow, which is worthy of Bewick. The sketches of the rook are amusing; the bird has much the air of "Captain Rook" in Thackeray's sketch.

The Boy's King Arthur (Edited for Boys, with an Introduction, by Sidney Lanier. Sampson Low and Co.)—We do not see the necessity for a specially boyish *King Arthur*. Malory's book, in the little cheap reprint called *Prince Arthur*, or in Southey's edition, has always been and always will be a favourite volume, not only with boys of some literary turn, but with boys in general. The charming language of Malory, the constant and bloody battles, the mystic legend of the Grail, the splendid and stately rhetoric of the concluding chapters, make Malory's book the English classic of boyhood. Perhaps a very careful editor might cut out a few pages, not ten in all, which are "touched with the adulterous finger" of the age of Edward IV. Mr. Lanier prints many passages in brackets when he cuts a story short, and the practice is tedious enough. Other italicized words in brackets give the meaning of such rare and difficult terms as "assay" and "purvey." In Sir Ector's speech over the dead body of Lancelot, Mr. Lanier prints "thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press [crowd] of knights." Is this irritating arrangement necessary? We do not remember finding any difficulty in boyhood in the English of Malory. However, even a severely edited edition of Malory's book is better than no copy at all; and for this reason we think that Mr. Lanier's version is infinitely the best of all the Christmas books for boys which have appeared this season. If there be no full and complete edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* available, Mr. Lanier's book will not inadequately supply its place.

The Story of Prince Hildebrand and the Princess Ida (Major T. S. Seccombe. Illustrated by the Author. De La Rue and Co.) Major Seccombe is a minstrel who, with military audacity, makes "four" rhyme to "war." His story—in which a pastrycook's boy, after carrying off the prize at a tournament, proves to be no confectioner, but a prince in disguise—is a sufficiently amusing narrative. That the Prince, armed with a rapier, should have fought a giant armed with an axe demonstrates his possession of truly royal courage and cunning in fence. The pictures are uncommonly spirited. Major Seccombe has also compiled, and illustrated in colours, *Military Misreadings of Shakespeare* (Same Publishers). The waggishness of these designs will probably win a smile from officers who have finished the *Field* and have no other literature worthy of their attention on a wet Sunday.

The Cruise of Ulysses and his Men (U. M. Bell. Griffith and Farran).—Perhaps the children who are represented as objecting to the introduction to these well-told stories from Homer were not mistaken critics. Homer's men justify themselves, and so, as a rule, does Homer's morality. Perhaps Christianity has little to do in the *galère* of Odysseus. Mrs. Bell has thought otherwise; but her introduction is very short, and she soon comes to business. Mr. Hannibal Chollop was justly annoyed when some Western archaeologist maintained that "the ancient Spartans went ahead of the present Locofoco ticket." We feel the same patriotic resentment when Mrs. Bell says, in speaking of the Phæacian sports, "No light-blue of Cambridge, nor dark-blue of Oxford, ever pulled oars against each other as these young Greeks in the far-off ages ran the race, or aimed the bow, or threw the massive quoit." Mr. Winthrop could probably out-throw the Phæacian sportsmen as easily as did Odysseus, when, in the words of the goddess, "even a blind man might have discerned his token by groping for it, so far it stood beyond all the others." This is enough of fault-finding. Mrs. Bell's stories seem to us to possess much of the merit of Charles Lamb's version of the Adventures of Ulysses. They make a most interesting and desirable gift-book of the best sort, and even very young children may learn from this little work to love Homer and to look forward to the time when they may understand the music of his hexameters. It seems odd that both Mrs. Bell and Charles Lamb translate Διὸς αἰγόχου as if it meant "goat-nursed Jupiter," or "Jupiter whom they fable to have been nursed by a goat." Have they both preferred the picturesqueness of Chapman to the real sense of the words?

Mr. Moyr Smith calls his *Wooring of the Water Witch* "a Northern oddity" (Chatto and Windus). Odd enough it certainly is, the style being a medley of Mr. Morris's manner, when he translates Sagas, with the slang of the music-hall and the penny comic paper. The smaller engravings are very clever, but the Runic character of the wit is likely to prevent it from being understood of the people.

Miss Rosina Emmet's *Pretty Peggy, and other Ballads* (Sampson Low and Co.) is illustrated in colours, somewhat in the style of Mr. Caldecott. Poor forlorn Peggy is very pretty, and so is the song of her melancholy adventure. The coarse commonplace

"brother John" of the legend is drawn with a great deal of humour. Another set of drawings illustrate the feelings of an elderly father and a pretty daughter when the time comes for leaving a ball. The other ballads are not so good, and Miss Emmet has still much to learn before she can be a dangerous rival of Mr. Caldecott.

A Six Years' Darling; or, Tris in Town (Ismael Thorn. Illustrated by T. Pym. J. F. Shaw) is a little book about children, which, if the dignity of criticism permitted, we would fain call "jolly." The adventures of infants who have never been in London before, but who explore the Baker Street Bazaar with wonderful intrepidity, become expert in the artillery of squirts, and long for that really fascinating object a pink lamp-shade, are recounted with animated sympathy. The sketches are quite worthy of the stories, and the book is likely to amuse, not only children, but every one who likes children.

Stories of Long Ago (Retold by Ascott Hope. With a Hundred Illustrations by C. O. Murray. Walker).—Mr. Ascott Hope has struck into a new vein of storytelling, which is a welcome variation from his usual wild Indian tales. "The Dog of Montargis" is always one of the most interesting and romantic of quadrupeds, but unluckily he looks of a different breed in Mr. Murray's centre picture from what he does in the other two. We are sorry for Queen Guinevere, who fares so very badly in "Sir Lancelot," and prefer to think of her as she appears in the *Idylls of the King*, and not as the sort of person she seems to have been at this period of her history. Children will be terribly puzzled by the story of "Havelock," and will look in vain among the lists of the Queens of England for one named Goldborough, and they are certain to mix her husband up with the hero of the Mutiny. This, however, cannot be helped. The stories, which are gathered from all sources, are very well told, and the illustrations are admirable.

Drifting (T. Buchanan Reed. With Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Sonnenschein).—*Drifting* is a short and not very wise poem about a soul who takes a mental voyage to the Bay of Naples, and gives a sketch of the scenery and produce of the country. The illustrations are mostly pretty enough, but we are at a loss to understand one that refers to Vesuvius. The mountain looks soft and pulpy; and, from a suggestion in the accompanying view about the "volcanic lands," we at first imagined that Vesuvius was supposed still to be in a semi-liquid state. But, as the mainland shows distinct traces of an inhabited city, this supposition must be erroneous.

Our Next-door Neighbour (Stella Austin. Master and Co.) is a capital story of some amusing and mischievous little children and their temporary next-door neighbour, a delicate boy, with whom they make friends. Molly and Sibil are very talkative, curious young ladies; and, when they have in vain tried to coax their grandmamma to call on the people who have taken the big house next to them, they leave her card themselves, with their names written underneath. Their conversations on points of decorum are always most diverting.

Holiday Times (H. F. Hamilton. Hatchards).—It is refreshing to meet with a book like *Holiday Times*, where the children are natural and well-behaved, but not by any means goody. They have adventures and get into scrapes, like their elders and betters, but they manage to scramble out of them without any harm. The children have a grown-up cousin whom they are all very fond of, whose name of Robert Thomas has been shortened into Bobbie-Tom.

Flora Symbolica; including Floral Poetry, Original and Selected (John Ingram. Warne and Co.).—This is one of those terrible gift-books that every Christmas depress our minds by their tedious efforts after something appropriate to the season. The colouring of the illustrations is coarse and hard, and in some cases, notably that of the maidenhair (p. 36), the pictures are absolutely unrecognizable. The letterpress is about on a par with the illustrations. Not content with lengthy quotations, mostly well-known, from the poets, Mr. Ingram does not spare us long poems written by himself and his family, dragged in by the head and shoulders, as the following remark appended to a paper on the Mezeron (coquetry) implies. "Alas! how many have lived to find that loving means something more than jesting! Ladies fair, take heed in time; as for male coquettes, although they have been heard of in song, let us hope that such despicable creatures as they would be are only the offspring of fiction. How many have been no more fortunate in their wooing when wasting their time on a heartless coquette than the hero of these lines!" What Mr. Ingram's criticism is worth may be judged from his enthusiastic admiration of a poem of Eliza Cook's, two verses of which begin as follows:—

My own land! my own land, where freedom finds her throne land;

and

My brave land, my brave land! Oh, may'st thou be my grave land!

Afternoon Tea (J. G. Sowerby and H. H. Emmerson. Warne and Co.).—This is a very pretty book, with pictures after the fashion of Kate Greenaway's, but with much better rhymes. We particularly like the drawing of the two little Quakers coming from meeting, and of the five uncompromising pansies. Children are learning now what puzzled their fathers and mothers in their childhood, how it was possible to play in the quaint, old-fashioned dresses of the beginning of the century.

Jenny and the Insects (Illustrated by Giacomelli. Nelson and Sons).—In this book a great deal of information on the manners and customs of insects is conveyed through the conversations of a

little girl with some of these tiny creatures. Children who are fond of natural history may learn much from its pages, but those who are not—a large class, it is to be feared—will throw it aside for lighter literature.

There is always the grave objection to such books as *A Popular History of Science* (Robert Routledge, F.C.S. Routledge) that people who are capable of reading and understanding this would also be capable of reading and understanding the standard works on the subject. Setting this objection aside, the book is valuable for containing an immense deal of matter, not only on astronomy, with its kindred sciences of electricity and optics, but on zoology, botany, and geology. Indeed the chief fault of the book appears to be that it has dealt with too many things with too great detail for a "popular history."

California (Rev. John Todd, D.D. Nelson).—This is an excellent account of California and its productions, told clearly, simply, and briefly. The drawings with which it is furnished give a good notion of the country.

Messrs. Marcus Ward seem to bear off the prize for the prettiest Christmas Cards. Little songs, with music, are neatly printed on the inside of tablets, charmingly decorated. Flowers, cats, collie dogs, jars, Japanese fans, and similar objects, are designed with care, and coloured with sumptuous indifference to expense. A very original card represents day dawning on the fleet of Hengist and Horsa as it approaches the shores of Albion.

Messrs. De La Rue's Diaries, pocket-books, and purses have reached us. These objects of art and usefulness scarcely need our praise, as their good repute has been won after the general experience of many years. While we admire the neatness of the waistcoat pocket-book, a kind of peaceful derring among pocket-books, we cannot praise the blind-tooling or the cover of a larger article. The internal arrangements make up for the error of an artist who is not quite a Bauzonnet.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

THE French Christmas Books of this year seem to be thus far a good deal less interesting and amusing than those of last year. Since M. Bertall's series of volumes, which were alike interesting in letterpress and illustrations, has ceased to be continued so as to come in handily for the *étrennes* of the New Year, one naturally turns first to the books which the untiring M. Jules Verne continues to produce. An author who writes so much and so much in one style cannot be always at his best, and it is in M. Verne's case unfortunate for this year's book that last year's seemed a triumphant answer to the charge that its writer's invention was in danger of being worn out. *Les Cinq Cents Millions de la Béguem* was as good as anything that M. Verne had ever written. It bristled with exciting situations and impossibilities which the writer made possible, and was so artfully constructed that the interest of the reader never flagged until the end was reached. The characters had about them a pleasant melodramatic flavour, and the work was full of vigour and freshness when one had once got over the necessarily unexciting explanation which began it. From this *La Maison à Vapeur* (Hetzel et Cie) is a distinct falling off. The notion of a gigantic mimic elephant in which is contained a steam-engine, capable of dragging two huge cars or movable houses over the roads of India, is ingenious enough, and gives plenty of opportunities for exciting scenes; but these opportunities are employed with something less than M. Verne's accustomed skill. Nor can it be said that the situation upon which these scenes depend is an attractive one. The elephant-engine with its cars, or, as it is constantly called, "Steam-House," originally constructed to gratify the whim of a rajah, is bought by a certain Colonel Munro, between whom and the Nana Sahib there exists, for good reasons, on both sides a deadly feud. In his "matter of inducement" to this state of things, M. Verne has gone out of his way to say every ill-tempered and disagreeable thing that he can about the behaviour of the English troops to whom was confided the task of suppressing the Indian Mutiny. Indeed M. Verne's treatment of the matter recalls unpleasantly the times when no Frenchman spoke of England and Englishmen without more or less open detestation. This is, to say the least of it, impolite and injudicious. M. Verne is a clever writer of a kind of literature which he did not perhaps invent, but which he has certainly made popular, and in many cases deservedly popular, though it is doubtful whether the quackery mixed up with his scientific smatterings may not do some harm. However that may be, M. Verne is not, and never will be, an historian, and in future he will do well either to leave such great themes as he has here chosen to tamper with entirely alone, or to get some better instruction before he ventures on touching them. When M. Verne gets upon his own ground, he is generally amusing, if nothing else; but it must be confessed that in this book he is too often terribly dull. The adventures with savages, wild beasts, and so on, are, to speak familiarly, not a patch upon the adventures which Captain Mayne Reid would have made out of the same materials. It may be granted that they are as extravagant as, and even more extravagant than, the things which happened to the many persons young and old whom Captain Mayne Reid made dear to our boyhood; but their extravagance is a dry and deliberate extravagance which carries no conviction with it. The attempt at humour in the character of Mathias Van Guitt is a very poor attempt, depending as it does on an un-

successful imitation of a character devised by M. Alphonse Daudet. The secret of the madwoman known as *La flamme errante* is from the first an open secret; the scene in which her husband recognizes her misses great opportunities in the same way in which it contains great faults, and the end of the book is both dull and perfunctory. Altogether, M. Verne's performance of this year is both poor and disagreeable. It has, however, one remarkable merit. Many French writers would do well to copy and paste up in their studies this footnote:—"Une femme non titrée, qui épouse un baronnet ou un chevalier, prend le titre de 'lady' devant le nom de son mari. Mais cette qualification de 'lady' ne peut précéder le nom de baptême, car dans ce cas elle est uniquement réservée aux filles de pairs."

In a less degree, but in the same kind, the merit of M. Biart's production this year is below that of last year. *La frontière andienne* (Hetzel et Cie) is full enough of incident of various kinds, but there is nothing in it to approach the excitement which he provided for his readers last year, and there is a certain pedantic air about the instruction thrown in which curiously illustrates some remarks made some time ago in these columns concerning some works of a different calibre. M. Biart's book, in short, gives new colour to the impression that "goodboyism" is a dangerously catching disease.

M. Dequet's *Histoire de mon oncle et de ma tante* (Hetzel et Cie) is, as to this matter, in pleasing contrast to the work just mentioned. Here we come again upon the good old-fashioned flavour of children's books. The hero of the book recounts his own mischief-making, as well as his better deeds, with an engaging and refreshing simplicity, and there is an air of reality about the whole story which is decidedly pleasing. "Mon oncle," "ma tante," the Cavalier François, M. Oscar, the terrifying Saint-Cyprien, and the hero of the narrative are all personages with whom we are glad to have become acquainted, and whose acquaintance we can safely advise young readers to make. The pictures are spirited, and correspond well with the text.

The *Histoire d'une montagne* (Par Elisée Reclus. Hetzel et Cie) is a work something after the manner of the late M. Viollet-le-Duc, the nature of which is sufficiently explained by its title. The style is good and clear, and the illustrations by M. Benett, who also illustrates M. Verne's book above spoken of, are capital.

The edition of *Les chroniques de J. Froissart* (Hachette et Cie), which is described as "édition abrégée, avec texte rapproché du français moderne, par Mme de Witt, née Guizot," is among the very best books of the season. The printing is as good as it can possibly be, and the illustration of the work, which comprises "11 planches en chromolithographie, 12 lettres et titres imprimés en couleur, 2 cartes, 33 grandes compositions tirées en noir et 252 gravures d'après les monuments et les manuscrits de l'époque," is a triumph of skill and care. Some of the "gravures d'après les manuscrits de l'époque" are delicious.

The two volumes for 1880 of *Le journal de la jeunesse* (Hachette et Cie) are well up to the mark, and are, as usual, full of artfully varied matter, calculated to attract boy and girl readers. People who want their children to learn to read French in a pleasant way might do well to take in this magazine.

In the *Aventures du prince Chênevis* (Hetzel et Cie) we recognize an old friend whom we knew and loved long ago in an English dress, under the title of *Prince Hempseed*. It is a confession of ignorance, but we must confess to having learnt with surprise that the book is by M. Léon Gozlan. The surprise was not one of an unmixedly pleasant character, for we learnt at the same time that M. Gozlan had written not only the book, which is charming, but also a preface to it, the pedantic and didactic character of which is very far from charming, and which in the English version was wisely suppressed. However, no one is obliged to read prefaces, and this particular preface had better be skipped by lovers of fairy stories. However M. Gozlan may prate, like the Counsellor in Hans Andersen, about "putting stuff into a child's head," the *Prince Chênevis* will rank as a fairy story, and by its excellence in that line will excuse the detestable preface to which we have referred. The wonderful feats which the little Prince and his troop of animals perform do not belong one bit less to the region of enchantment than do the "souris blanches qui se métamorphosent en chevaux," at which M. Gozlan was pleased to sneer in a high and mighty fashion. But, as we have said, the fact that, in spite of his sermonizing against fairy stories, he could not help writing what is in its essence a fairy story, and a very delightful one, condones his *lâche-fierie*. M. Bertall's illustrations to the story have lost nothing of their old charm.

In *Bébés et joujoux* (Hetzel et Cie) M. Lemonnier tells us of the curiously exciting dream of a wooden soldier, of various things which happened on a Christmas night, of the adventures of a toy commissionaire, and of other pleasant matters, for which pleasant illustrations have been provided by MM. Geoffroy and Becker.

M. Laurie's adaptation from Captain Mayne Reid, called *Le chef au bracelet d'or* (Hetzel et Cie), is well done, and is capitally illustrated by M. Benett.

La pie de Marguerite (Texte par P. J. Stahl, dessins de Pirodon) is a bird of a most attractive character, whose tricks, friendships, enmities, and adventures will interest every right-minded child.

The facts that Charles Nodier wrote and Tony Johannot illustrated *Trésor des fées et fleurs des pois* (Hetzel et Cie) are

warrant enough for the excellence of the work to which M. P. J. Stahl has prefixed a well-considered and well-written little preface, at the end of which he says truly enough:—"Trésor des fées et fleurs des pois, Le génie Bonhomme, L'histoire du chien de Briquet, devaient trouver place à tous titres et avant tous autres dans une collection où l'on s'est proposé d'offrir aux enfants des livres qui, après avoir amusé leur jeune âge, pussent laisser dans leur souvenir d'autres traces que ces ouvrages médiocres qu'on met d'ordinaire entre leurs mains, et qui ne répondent qu'au besoin frivole du moment sans rien réserver pour l'avenir."

Une leçon d'équitation (Hetzel) relates and exhibits in coloured plates what happened to the Vicomte de —, who was unfortunate enough to win a celebrated trick horse in a tombola got up at the Cirque Américain.

Mademoiselle Suzon (Hetzel) is well enough so far as the text goes; but the illustrations are among the most hideous things ever seen.

M. Stahl's *L'école buissonnière et ses suites*, with M. Jundt's drawings (Hetzel), can be safely recommended to our young friends as an amusing work.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE brothers Grimm (1) undoubtedly deserve to be regarded as the Dioscuri of German philology; and the appropriateness of the comparison is enhanced by the fact that, intellectually, one was immortal and the other mortal. If less eminent than Jacob Grimm, however, Wilhelm Grimm was in no respect less amiable, or a less honourable representative of the character of the scholar in its fairest development. Nor was he in any way inferior to his brother as a letter-writer, and their mutual correspondence during their occasional separations in their youth forms as creditable and agreeable a volume of the kind as has often been given to the world. It extends from 1805 to 1815, and falls into six sections, four comprising Jacob's absences from home, and two Wilhelm's. Three of Jacob's journeys were made to Paris, a place which he abhorred. From January to September 1805 he was there on a visit to Savigny; he accompanied the Allied troops thither in 1814, and was there again from September to December 1815. He was also at Vienna from September 1814 to June 1815. Wilhelm's visits were made to Halle from April to September 1809, and to Berlin from September to December in the same year. The subjects of the letters are usually the brothers' philological studies and undertakings, interspersed with family affairs, notices of recent books, and occasionally anecdotes of Brentano, Arnim, and other members of their literary circle. They give a most lively picture of their zeal in collecting materials for their works, of their manly patriotism and truly fraternal spirit, of their general simplicity, dignity, and devotedness. The only letters which diverge very far from the tranquil paths of scholarship are those from Jacob during the campaign of 1814, which record his observations on the behaviour of the conquerors, and the feelings of the French, but add little to our previous knowledge of the subject. Of the Vienna Congress he speaks with the usual aversion of patriotic Germans. Wilhelm's letters are in general the more entertaining and full of news. His deference to the senior and more celebrated brother is very marked and touching, and his affection is amply returned. On the whole, domestic, even more than literary, interest is the leading feature of this charming volume.

Biographies are so commonly unsatisfactory that he who deems himself entitled to one can hardly be blamed for taking the matter into his own hands during his lifetime. Such would seem to have been the illustrious Franz Liszt's course of action; for, although the work before us (2) bears the name, and is no doubt the *bona fide* composition, of L. Ramann, it is very evidently an inspired composition, in the sense in which inspiration is allowed to be no guarantee for infallibility. Herr Ramann condescends to no statement of the sources of his information, except in so far as concerns purely musical matters; and internal evidence demonstrates that, for all biographical, critical, and psychological details, resort has been made to the fountain-head. In Liszt's own hands, his biography assumes as much the guise of an *Apologia* as Cardinal Newman's, with the distinction that, whereas Newman's apology tended to show that no apology was necessary, Liszt is perpetually purging himself of his own sins by the easy expedient of confessing the sins of others. Anything irregular in music and morals is held to be as satisfactorily explained by a residence in Paris as a wet coat by a tumble into the Thames. We will not inquire too curiously whether Liszt would ever have been anything without the residence which brought him into contact with Chopin and Paganini, Meyerbeer and Berlioz, George Sand and the Countess d'Agoult. Thus much at least is clear, that without it Herr Ramann's biography would have possessed little interest or value except for musicians. The picture of the brilliant, but feverish, society of the first decade of Louis Philippe's reign is, however, highly attractive, absurd as is the attempt to represent it as the corrupter of one in whom all its failings were innate. The treatment of Mme. d'Agoult, in particular, must effectually dispose of

(1) *Briefwechsel zwischen Jacob und Wilhelm Grimm aus der Jugendzeit*. Herausgegeben von H. Grimm und G. Hinrichs. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Franz Liszt. Von L. Ramann*. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

the notion that every Hungarian is *ipso facto* a high-minded cavalier.

Dr. Schliemann's sumptuous work on Troy (3), appearing simultaneously in an English version, will receive fuller and fitter notice in another place. Here we may draw attention to it as a magnificent example of what may be characterized as the English school of research, the method which makes it its first business to collect facts from which generalizations may be subsequently deduced. This implies no ignorant disdain of theory. Had Dr. Schliemann formed no theory respecting the site of Homeric Troy, he would have taken no practical steps; had he been a theorist and nothing more, his pen would never have been justified by his pickaxe. The simple putting of a spade into the ground has dispelled delusions which threatened not merely to unsettle the foundations of Greek history, but to confuse and pervert Greek mythology, and through it all other mythologies. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Schliemann's views on such comparatively minor matters as the identification of Priam's very palace and Agamemnon's actual tomb, he has at all events placed the historical groundwork of Homeric fiction, and the personality of Homer himself, among the rank of indisputable truths. Like most great things, the secret of this great success is exceeding simple; it is merely Dr. Schliemann's readiness to give Homer credit for knowing his own subject.

The correspondence of two such men as Gauss and Bessel (4) is naturally of the highest interest to astronomers and mathematicians. It commences in 1804 with Gauss's request to Bessel for assistance in calculating the geocentric positions of the newly discovered asteroids, and terminates in 1844. During the greater part of this period the number of letters exchanged annually is six or eight, and they relate, almost without exception, to important objects of research occupying the attention of the philosophers at the time. The more strictly astronomical portion of the correspondence commonly proceeds from Bessel, the mathematical from Gauss; and its lofty and disinterested tone is equally honourable to each.

The history of Herr Loehnis's (5) correspondence is a curious one. The letters were addressed by him to his son when placed at an Antwerp boarding-school, and are printed by the young gentleman as a testimonial to his schoolmaster. It does not precisely appear why their publication should be deemed a compliment to the latter; it is more obvious that the superhuman patience of the inditing father and the perusing son redound greatly to the credit of the house of Loehnis. They are really very excellent letters of advice and instruction, liberally garnished with judicious citations from approved authors; but it would be rash to guarantee them a much larger public in print than they have already enjoyed in MS.

A history of comparative philology would be a very useful work, and Herr Delbrück's (6) introduction is not devoid of merit as a contribution to the subject. The writer, however, has cramped himself by too exclusive an attention to the mere theory of philology. There must be something wrong in a method which, while Bopp and Grimm and Schleicher are mentioned with due honour, altogether obscures such landmarks in the history of philology as Rawlinson's decipherment of the Behistan inscriptions, or Prichard's demonstration of the Aryan affinities of the Celtic nations. Herr Delbrück has written a chapter in the story well enough to encourage him to attempt writing the remainder.

An introduction to Anglo-Saxon, by K. Körner (7), and a Gothic grammar by W. Braune (8), appear very useful introductions to their respective languages. The former is particularly recommended by a copious chrestomathy, with a vocabulary and copious notes.

Dr. Lotz's translation of the inscriptions of Tiglath-Pileser I. (9), the earliest of the Assyrian kings who have bequeathed any important inscriptions to posterity, is accompanied by a transliteration of the original according to the system of Dr. Schrader, and has enjoyed the advantage of a thorough revision by Dr. Delitzsch. It may therefore be assumed to present the ripest fruits of German scholarship in a department which, after an unaccountable delay, it is beginning to appropriate in good earnest. The inscriptions offer the usual monotonous chronicle of victories, sieges, submissions of enemies and the leading away of captives, interspersed with *Te Deums* to one or other of the seven principal deities invoked at the beginning of the whole. Some minor details, if only the translation is correct, possess special interest, such as the occurrence of elephants in Harran so late as Tiglath-Pileser's time; and the

transplantation of useful trees and fruits from the territory of the conquered nations to Assyria.

The "Epiphanies" in the life of Christ (10) are his Baptism, Temptation, and Transfiguration. Herr Steinmeyer asserts the "reality" of them all, though it is not quite clear whether he understands their objective reality. A second volume will deal with the "Theophanies."

Kant's philosophy is investigated in two of its principal aspects by Herr Pfeiderer (11) and Herr Rehmke (12), whose works, though not professedly commentaries, are substantially based upon his. The former endeavours to show that the pursuit of individual happiness does not necessarily involve egotism; the latter propounds a theory of cognition only intelligible to trained metaphysicians.

Herr Thiessen investigates the origin of the Buddhist legend in the "Dhammapada" (13), where Buddha promises to restore the poor woman's son to life if only she will find a person who has never known sorrow. Similar stories exist in Western literature, and attempts have been made to show that the Buddhist version was derived from a Greek source. Herr Thiessen, however, seems to establish its independent origin very satisfactorily; and, in so doing, indirectly proves that the Greek version was borrowed—a conclusion all the more plausible when it is considered that the course of legend, like the course of empire, is commonly westward. It does nevertheless appear somewhat extraordinary that its beauty should have remained invisible until viewed through a Sanskrit medium, and that nobody should have recognized it while it was accessible to all scholars in Lucian's *Life of the philosopher Demox*.

Edward Grisebach's well-known taste for the quaint and *recherché* in literature has found a legitimate gratification in his very elegant rendering of three Chinese novelettes (14) from the English. Two of these were originally translated by Dr. Birch, the third by R. Thom, with Dr. Birch's corrections. Herr Grisebach is perfectly justified in claiming for these tales more emotion, more variety, and in general a closer approximation to the European standard than is usually admitted. Their construction is irreproachable, and their frequent use of the supernatural is effective. Their defect is the want of any accurate or subtle discrimination of character; but this is a recent development, even in European novels. We should recommend Herr Grisebach to extend his researches to Mr. Giles's *Stories from a Chinese Studio*, where he will find abundance of tales more picturesque and imaginative than those he has rendered here, and, from their brevity, affording less ground for criticism on the score of imperfect portrayal of character.

Omar Khayyam (15), of whose name ten years ago hardly any Englishman had heard, may now be almost regarded as a naturalized English author, thanks to the masterly version of Mr. Fitzgerald. Our literature affords few examples of so successful a transplantation from one language into another; but the result could not have been attained in English without an extremely free treatment of the Persian text. How free this has often been appears from the more accurate rendering of Herr Bodenstedt, which may win for Omar the same general estimation among poetical readers in Germany as he already enjoys in England. While, however, Herr Bodenstedt's translation is far closer than Mr. Fitzgerald's both in verbal fidelity and closeness to the spirit of the original, Mr. Fitzgerald has greatly the advantage in point of form. The metre he invariably adopts is a fair representative of Omar's, and bears a Persian stamp; but every distinctive trace of Orientalism frequently seems to have disappeared from the variety of lyrical measures employed by Bodenstedt. With this reservation the translation of the latter may be heartily commended on the grounds of elegance, poetical feeling, and completeness, presenting the thought of Omar in its entirety, and not a single phase of it only, as Mr. Fitzgerald has done. It is true that the unity of impression is thus impaired, and that the reader feels the difficulty of harmonizing the poet's apparently contradictory utterances. Herr Bodenstedt rejects both the mysticism attributed to Omar by M. Nicolas and the scepticism imputed to him by Mr. Fitzgerald. The key to Omar's mood has, he thinks, been found by an English lady, the author of a valuable essay upon him in *Fraser's Magazine* for May 1879. Omar's sceptical sallies, Mrs. Cadell points out, are generally confined to the anthropomorphic creed of Islam, with its singular mixture of inexorable fatalism and uncontrolled caprice. When not thus indirectly polemical, Omar is reverent, and many of his finest strophes are animated by deep religious feeling. In a poetical point of view, Bodenstedt's translation is an advance even upon his renowned *Mirza Schaffy*; and it is impossible to speak too highly of the exquisite taste displayed in its typography and general ornamentation. The pieces are arranged

(3) *Ilios: Stadt und Land der Trojaner*. Von Dr. H. Schliemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Briefwechsel zwischen Gauss und Bessel*. Herausgegeben auf Veranlassung der Königlich Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Briefe meines Vaters*. Herausgegeben von C. A. Loehnis. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Einführung in das Sprachstudium; ein Beitrag zur Geschichte und Methodik der vergleichenden Sprachforschung*. Von B. Delbrück. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Einführung in das Studium der Angelsächsischen Grammatik, Text, Übersetzung, Anmerkungen, Glossar*. Von K. Körner. 2 The. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Gothische Grammatik; mit einigen Lesestücken und Wortverzeichnis*. Von W. Braune. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Inschriften Tiglathpilesers I. in transkribierten Assyrischem Grundtext, mit Übersetzung und Kommentar*. Von Dr. Lotz. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Die Epiphanien im Leben des Herrn*. Von F. L. Steinmeyer. Berlin: Wiegandt und Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Eudämonismus und Egoismus*. Eine Ehrenrettung des Wohlprinzips. Von E. Pfeiderer. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Die Welt als Wahrnehmung und Begriff*. Eine Erkenntnistheorie. Von J. Rehmke. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Die Legende von Kṣitigotami: eine literarhistorische Untersuchung*. Von J. H. Thiessen. Breslau: Köbner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Kin-ku-hi-kuan: neue und alte Novellen der Chinesischen 1001. Nacht*. Deutsch von E. Grisebach. Stuttgart: Kroner. London: Nutt.

(15) *Die Lieder und Sprüche des Omar Chayyam*. Verdeutsch von F. Bodenstedt. Breslau: Schletter. London: Trübner & Co.

in ten books, according to subject—an excellent plan, which contributes greatly to the correct apprehension of the poet's thought. No one, for example, will believe that the writer of the pieces brought together in the first book, or Book of Religion, can have been a Persian Lucretius in anything but the exceptional character of his genius, however sceptical or sensuous may appear some of the other moods of his varied and impressionable nature. Bodensiedt justly compares some of these beautiful and large-minded utterances to Goethe. This translation is in no respect a critical edition, and, after all M. Nicolas's labours, much, no doubt, remains to be done for the settlement of the text and weeding out of the questionable *Rubaiyat* frequently attributed by MSS. to Omar Khayyam.

"Italian Plaster Figures" (16) is a collection of lively tourist sketches from the South of Italy, chiefly remarkable for the unfavourable view taken of Italian economical and educational prospects. Some critical papers are appended, the most remarkable of which is an account of the attempts of the Italians to translate *Pinus*.

"Odin's Comfort," by Felix Dahn (17), is a romance of the eleventh century, intended to depict the feelings of the adherents of the expiring Norse mythology in the same manner as Ibsen and Rydberg have painted the classical romanticism of the age of Julian. With some eccentricity and affectation, and a great deal too much of "apt alliteration's artful aid," it is nevertheless a vigorous story, enlivened with many imaginative legends from the Scandinavian mythology.

The subject of Adolf Stern's "Last Humanists" (18) affords much scope for picturesque situations, of which the author has skilfully availed himself. The contrast between the last wrecks of Italian culture after the Papal and Jesuitical reaction and the wild surroundings of the Baltic island where fate had flung them is powerful and suggestive; and, although Giordano Bruno himself speedily disappears from the scene, the strife between humanity and barbarism, of which he is one of the chief representatives, continues to form the animating motive of the story. The collision of these conflicting principles is powerfully depicted, and the reader's sympathy is ably enlisted on the side of the children of light.

"The Poetess of Carcassonne," Paul Heyse's contribution to the December number of the *Rundschau* (19), is a carefully written story of serious interest, full of incident and variety, laid in Provence in the period of the Troubadours, but with no especial pretensions to accuracy of local colouring. Catharine II.'s correspondence with Baron Grimm is reviewed by Karl Hillebrand, who draws a flattering picture of the great Empress, whose cheerful and kindly letters, devoid of reference either to the ruthlessness of her policy or the disorders of her private conduct, represent her in a much more favourable light than State cares and Court etiquette allow to most sovereigns. *Mutatis mutandis*; they are very much such letters as Augustus may be supposed to have written to Mæcenas and his circle. The most interesting of the other papers is one treating of the ethnological changes undergone, and to be undergone, by Asia Minor.

(16) *Italienische Gyps-Figuren*. Von W. Kaden. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(17) *Odin's Trost: ein nordischer Roman aus den elften Jahrhundert*. Von Felix Dahn. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Die letzten Humanisten: historischer Roman*. Von Adolf Stern. Leipzig: Schlick. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 3. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

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The forthcoming number of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be published early on Friday morning, the 24th instant.

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